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APPLETONS' SCHOOL READERS

THIRD READER

NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO
AMERICAN · BOOK · COMPANY

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APPLETONS' SCHOOL READERS.

(FIVE BOOK EDITION.)

THE

THIRD READER.

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AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

FROM THE AUTHORS TO THE TEACHER.

This series of Readers is the result of the practical experience of many years. The books can be used in the same ways as other Readers, but the following suggestions may be of value to some.

The Phonic Method to be continued. — Though it has been found that the phonic method gives the pupil a better mastery of "hard" words than any other, yet at this stage of his progress he has still many obstacles to overcome. To meet these with advantage, his knowledge of the "power of letters" must be extended and perfected. He must *continue* to spell words by sound, and note silent letters. His attention must be directed to peculiar combinations of letters by which given sounds are represented. The "Table of Sounds," page 233, should become as familiar to the child as his letters.

Reading Matter. — Acquiring additional power over new words as he becomes more familiar with the diacritical marks, the pupil will advance with rapidity and confidence. His principal task now is to learn to read with a pleasant voice and ready expression. With a special view to this, the pieces have been made childlike and simple in thought, style, and spirit. Though the words are *longer* than those which are used in other Readers of the grade, they will be found no more difficult to understand. They are expressive of the thoughts of children, and should be made a part of every child's vocabulary.

Reading Lessons. — Except for purposes of special drill, the pieces should be read as *wholes*, in order that a keen interest in the reading lessons may be excited and sustained. Interest on the part of the pupil will supersede the necessity of much labor on the part of the teacher.

The Words in Columns at the head of the reading lessons are intended to be studied for spelling, pronunciation, and meaning, before the lesson is read. The diacritical marks can not be thoroughly learned except by practice in *marking* words. The best means of making sure that a child comprehends the true meaning of a word is to require him to use it in a sentence of his own.

Language Lessons. — Every reading lesson should be accompanied by an oral language lesson both upon the reading matter of the lesson and upon the picture. In these conversations the children should be required to use, in proper relations, the difficult words of the lesson. As any suggestions for oral language lessons must, in this grade, be for the teacher alone, it has not been deemed advisable to insert them in the child's book. In the written language work, pains have been taken not to make the exercises tiresome to the pupil or burdensome to the teacher. When desired, they can be extended. If faithfully practiced, they will prove to be fruitful in the best results of education.

"*How to Read.*" — The lessons so headed present the most important principles of good reading, in so simple a way that they can be readily understood by even a child. Being made reading exercises, they will not be neglected, as lessons upon elocution usually are when inserted as separate articles, or by way of an "Introduction." They should be read and reread, till the pupils become familiar with their contents, and their instructions should be followed in the succeeding lessons.

The Spelling Lessons. — The attention of the teacher is called particularly to the manner of reciting a spelling lesson, which is given on page 229.

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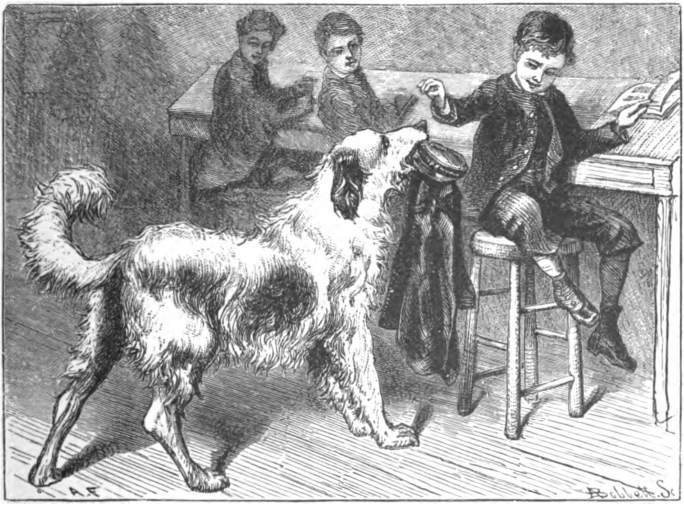
THIRD READER.

LESSON I.

shăg′-ḡy
trou′-şerş
môrn′-ing
pleāşed
lĕs′-sonş
al-lowed′
tēach′-er
mĕr′-ri-ly.
chĭl′-dren
wăg′-ḡing
whĭs′-pered
ŭn-der-sto͝od′



BOB BROWN'S DOG.

Little Bob Brown had a fine large dog, named Rover. Bob and Rover were great friends, and used to play together nearly all day long.

When Bob's sixth birthday came, he had to go to school. Bob was glad to go, but he was very sorry to leave Rover at home. When the time to start came, he put his arms around the dog's shaggy neck and whispered something in his ear. He would not tell what it was, but ran merrily off to school.

After school had been in session about an hour, a great dog came and stood at the front door, and, as soon as he had a chance, slipped into the hall. He walked about through the halls, and up and down the stairs, smelling at everything he came to.

It happened that nobody saw him, for all the teachers and pupils were in their rooms, busy with their lessons. At last Rover—for it was he—came to a little cap and coat that he knew. "Ha! ha!" thought he to himself, "these are my little master's."

So he took them in his mouth and walked in at the open door of one of the schoolrooms, and there he saw Bob. He walked up to him, wagging his tail, and looking very glad.

He laid Bob's cap and coat in his lap, and then took hold of his trousers with his teeth and began pulling him. This was his way of saying, "Come on, Bob! let us go home."

Little Bob was so pleased to see Rover that he forgot where he was. He threw his arms around him, and said, right out in school, "I knew you would come for me, you dear old doggie!"

All the children laughed, and the teacher laughed too. Then she told Bob that he might take his dog home.

What do you think it was that Bob had whispered to Rover that morning? Do you believe that Rover understood him?

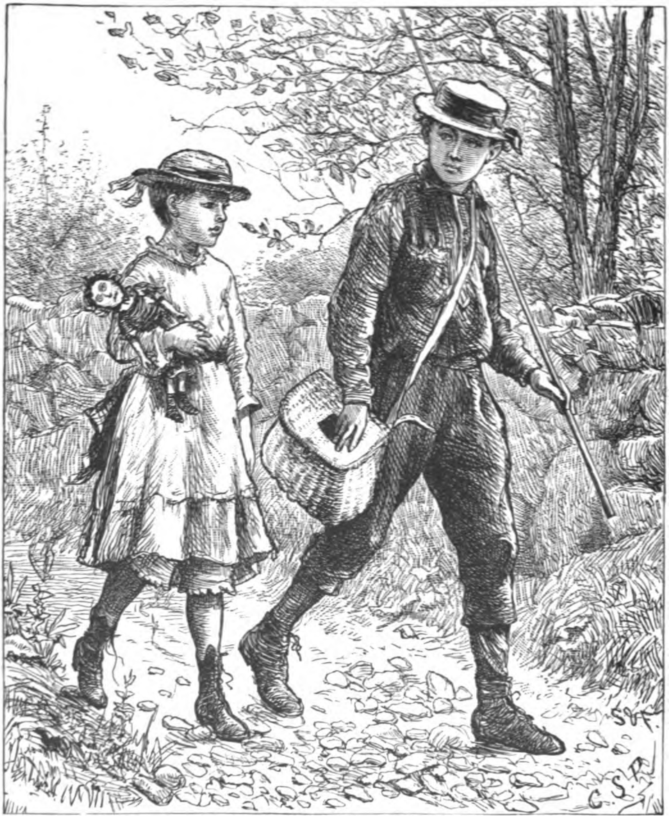
Copy the following story, and write words in place of the dashes:

ROVER.

Rover was a ——.
He followed —— —— to school.
In the hall he found Bob's —— and ——. He took —— to Bob and made —— come home —— him.
Was not —— a fine dog?

LESSON II.

scåre
bro͝ok
läughs
ta̤lk′-ing
hăng′-ing
hăp′-penş
ex-çĕpt′
piēç′-eş
fĕl′-low
bȧs′-ket
sŭp′-per
sĕn′-tençe



FISHING.

This boy and the little girl with him are going a fishing. Just back of their house is a brook, with fish in it.

The little girl's name is Annie, and her brother's name is James. When Annie went with James last week, he made her keep very still, and would not let her speak a word, for fear she might scare the fish away.

Annie is very fond of talking, and when she has to be still for a long time she gets sleepy and dull. She does not intend to go to sleep this time, for she has her doll with her, and some pieces of cloth in her pocket; and she means to make a dress for her doll while James catches fish.

But the sun is very warm, and the woods behind them are very still; and nothing happens, until James gets a bite, and draws out the line with a fish hanging on the hook.

Then James takes the fish off the hook and puts it into the basket, and says: "This is a fine fellow! We will ask mother to fry him for supper."

Annie feels very sorry for the poor little fish, which can not live out of the water; but she thinks, "How can we have fish to eat, if we do not catch them?"

Then she listens to a big bee flying by and saying "Buzz, buzz," until he settles on a flower.

She lays her head on the grass, and thinks she will watch that noisy bee, just to see how long it will take him to get all the honey out of that flower.

But, before he gets through, Annie falls fast asleep. James laughs, and when his basket is full of fish he says "Buzz!" in Annie's ear, and she wakes up. Then he puts on her hat for her, picks up her doll, and they go home to supper.

Write answers to the following questions, and let each answer be a complete sentence:

Whom do you see in this picture?
What is Annie carrying?
What is James carrying?
What kind of a road are they walking in?
What kind of a wall is beside the road?
Are they going uphill, or downhill?

LESSON III.

HOW TO READ.*

I.

By this time you have learned to recognize at sight a great many short words, and some long ones. You have learned how to spell those words both by sound and by letter. You have learned yet more, and that is, how to divide the long words into their syllables.

---

* Inasmuch as these lessons are somewhat difficult, it will be well for the teacher to read and explain them to the class before requiring them to be read by the pupils.

Now, of what use is it for you to learn to divide a word into its syllables?

You learn to divide a word into its syllables, so that you may know how to pronounce it correctly.

Here is a word which you all know—"dandelion." When you first *studied* that word, you learned that the first syllable was "dan," and the next "de," and the next "li," and the next "on."

But, now that you *know* the word, do you still, when you pronounce it, say "dan," and then stop, and start again and say "de," then stop again, and then say "li," and then "on"?

Oh, you do not? Well, then, how do you say it?

Yes, you speak all the syllables together as *one word*—"dandelion."

Just so, in reading a group of *words*, you must first know how to pronounce all the words in the group, and then you must put those words together and read them all as *one saying, one idea;* as: This - is - my - book. This - is - our - schoolroom. Is - that - your - pretty - doll? Where - have - you - been - to-day?

When you read a column or line of words, in order to learn how to pronounce them or to recognize them quickly at sight, that is mere *word* reading. But when you read a group of words put together so as to make sense, that is *sense* reading.

If you wished to say to me, "This is our class room," you would not say "This," and then stop, and start again and say "is," and then stop, and start again and say "our," and then "class," and then "room"; but you would say the words so that they would all flow together, and make what we may call one *sense*-word.

If you do not know all the words in a sense-word, you must study them until you do know them. Just as you study the syllables of a word in order to pronounce that word correctly, so you must study the words of a sense-word in order to pronounce it correctly. As you pronounce the syllables together to make a word, so you must speak the words together to make the longer sense-word.

Copy the following words and divide them into their syllables:

forgŏt
plāyfĕllow
flŭttering
beaūtiful
remĕmber
ŭndersto͝od

Put the following words together so as to make one sense-word:

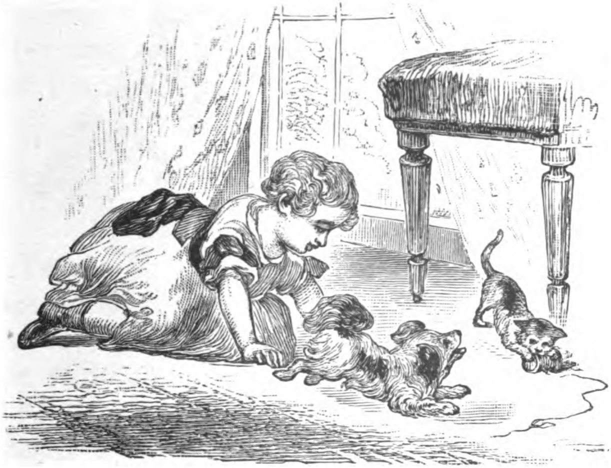
A flew tree beautiful out robin the of.

LESSON IV.

twĭgş
dŏc̶′-tor
squeeze
nĕs′-tled

sĕn′-si-ble
be-c̶a̤uşe′
chĭm′-ney
mĭs′-chief (-chĭf)

to-ḡĕth′-er
plāy′-māteş
sȯme′-tīmeş
sc̶ăm′-pered

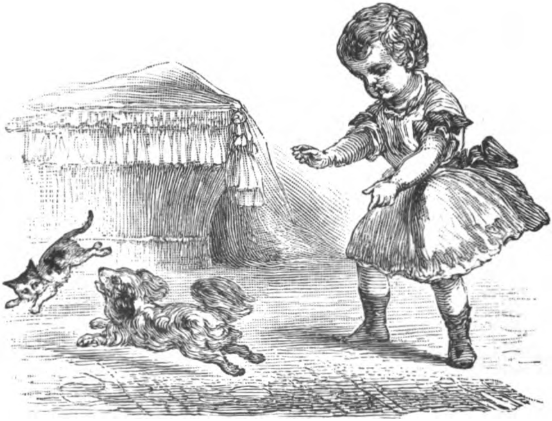


DR. WIGS AND DR. TWIGS.

Once there were three little playmates, a baby boy, a baby dog, and a baby cat. "Baby," "puppy," and "kitty," people called them.

The baby's name was Harry, the puppy's name was Wigs, and the kitty's name was Twigs. The puppy was called Wigs because his hair was so curly around his ears and eyes that it looked like a curly wig.

The kitten's name was Twigs because it took so many little twigs to keep her out of mischief. They were three little friends, and three little rogues, and they all lived in the same house.



They ran and scampered all day long, and used to chase each other about the house until they all were so tired they had to stop and rest. Twigs chased Wigs, and Wigs chased Twigs, and Harry chased them both; and once in a while mamma would chase them all.

Sometimes Harry would fall down and hurt himself; sometimes Wigs would bite him too hard, or Twigs would scratch too deep.

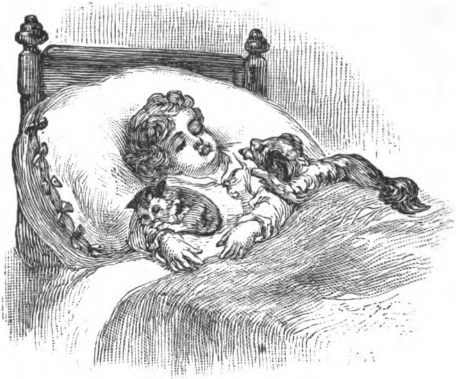
Sometimes Harry would strike Wigs too hard or squeeze Twigs too tight; and sometimes Twigs would cuff Wigs, or Wigs would bite Twigs. So they all used to get hurt.

When Harry was hurt he would cry, "Oh! oh!" When Twigs was hurt she would cry, "Me-ow! meow!" When Wigs was hurt he would cry, "Ki! ki!" And when they all were hurt together, and all cried together, you could not tell what they did say, the voices got so mixed up.

Harry slept in a little bed, Wigs slept in a basket, and Twigs cuddled up to the warm chimney on a soft mat.

Twigs slept with one eye open to see what Wigs was about, and Wigs slept with one eye open to see what Twigs was about; but Harry slept with both eyes shut tight, like a sensible baby, and did not trouble himself to know what anybody was about.

One day Harry was sick and could not play, but had to lie in his bed all day. Wigs missed his little friend, and Twigs looked sober because Wigs did.



They tried to play together, but could not; and at last both went to Harry's room, where Harry was fast asleep in bed.

Wigs jumped up and nestled on one side of him, and Twigs jumped up and nestled on the other side of him, and soon they were both asleep.

By and by mamma came into the room, and there she found them all asleep. When Harry waked up, the doctor said he was much better, and that perhaps the coming of Wigs and Twigs did him good. After that the puppy and kitten were always called "Dr. Wigs" and "Dr. Twigs."

Copy the title and the first paragraph, carefully putting in all the capitals, commas, and periods.

Write sentences containing these abbreviations:

Dr. **Mr.**

LESSON V.

thrōats
rēa′-s̱on
bụsh′-es̱
ȼon-çēit′

strĕtch
dāin′-ty
brĭsk′-ly
prŏm′-ĭse

hĕav′-*e*n
wĭth-out′
ôr′-chard
mis-tākes′

BY THE BROOK.

"It is spring, mother. The ice is all gone, and the brook in the orchard is running briskly along. May we go there to play, mother?"

"Yes, children, if you will promise to keep your eyes open, and, when you come back, tell me what you have seen."

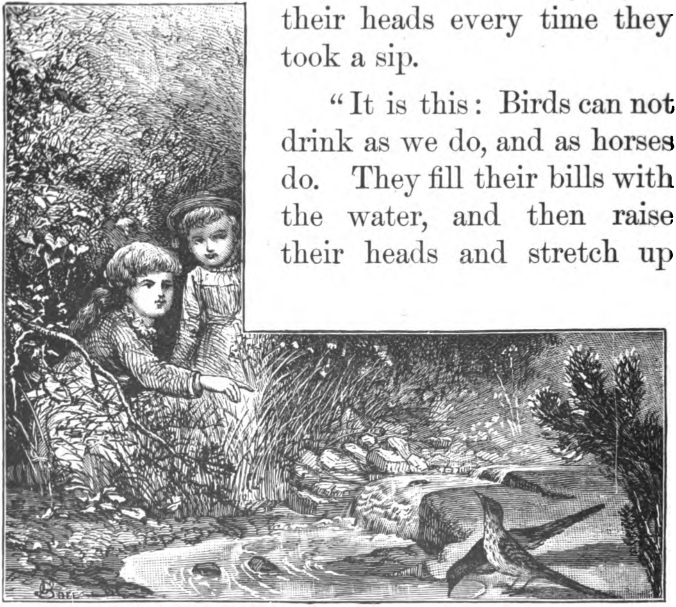
"Here we are—back again, mother! And what do you think we saw? We saw birds praying."

"Oh, no, mother! Albert mistakes. They were not praying; they were giving thanks. This is the way it was: They hopped from the bushes down to the ground. There were two of them, mother, and they were robins.

"Then they hopped along to the edge of the water, stopping every minute to look at us. But we kept very still—didn't we, Albert? Then they stuck just the tips of their dainty bills into the water, and drank; and every time they took a sip they raised their heads and looked up to heaven. I think they were giving thanks for the water; were they not, mother?"

"My darling, no doubt the little birds were very thankful for the water to drink; but that is not the reason they raised their heads every time they took a sip.

"It is this: Birds can not drink as we do, and as horses do. They fill their bills with the water, and then raise their heads and stretch up their necks so that the water may run down their throats. But that was a very pretty conceit of yours about their giving thanks to God, and I am glad you thought of it."



Write answers to the following questions, and let the answers be complete sentences:

Where was the brook?
How was the brook running?
What did the children see by the brook?
How do birds drink?

LESSON VI.

joy
lo͝ok
hŭsh
toŭch
knōw
brown
thrŭsh
mĕr′-ry
un-lĕss′
sĭt′-ting
mĕd′-dle
sĭng′-ing

THE BROWN THRUSH.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree;
He's singing to me! he's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh! the world's running over with joy!
Hush! look! in my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be."

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the big cherry tree?
Don't meddle, don't touch, little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me—to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy:
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be—
Don't you know? don't you see?—
Unless we're as good as can be."

Copy a line of this poem which has in it two exclamation points (!).

Copy a line which has in it two question marks (?).

Commit the first stanza to memory.

LESSON VII.

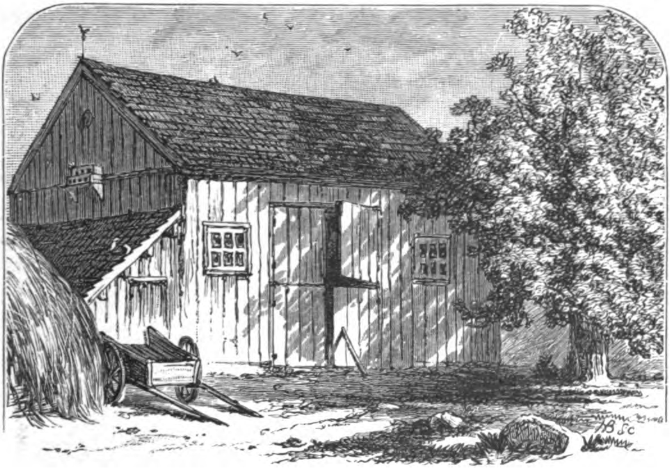
sīgnş
jŭdġe
whōle
brĕath
ex-çĕpt′

strōlled
e-lĕv′-*e*n
stĩr′-ring
mō′-tionş
shăd′-owş

ȼo͞o′-ing
făm′-i-ly
im-ăġ′-ĭne
dȯve′-ȼŏt
păt′-ter-ing

NOBODY AT HOME.

This is a very *still* picture. There is no living thing in it except the birds, and no motion except their flying and walking. Even the old oak tree seems as still as if there were not a breath of air stirring.



It is a hot summer's day, and, from the way in which the shadows of the tree fall upon the barn, I should say that it is about eleven o'clock in the morning.

I think it must be a Sunday morning too, because everything is in such order about the place, and all things seem to be quiet and at rest.

If it were a week day, we should see some signs of life and work about.

I judge there is nobody at home, for, if there were, the barn doors would be likely to be wide open.

I imagine that the family have gone to church; they have taken the horses with them, and the dog has gone along too. The cows are out in the fields, and the chickens have strolled off to the woods.

If we stood on the ground near the barn, I think we could not hear any sounds except the pattering of the doves' feet as they run about upon the roofs, and perhaps the cooing of that one perched upon the dovecot.

It may be that there is a bird's nest in the oak tree, and that we might hear a bird singing in the tree top; but I fancy it is almost too hot for that.

A quiet Sunday morning in midsummer, and nobody at home: this is what this picture says to me.

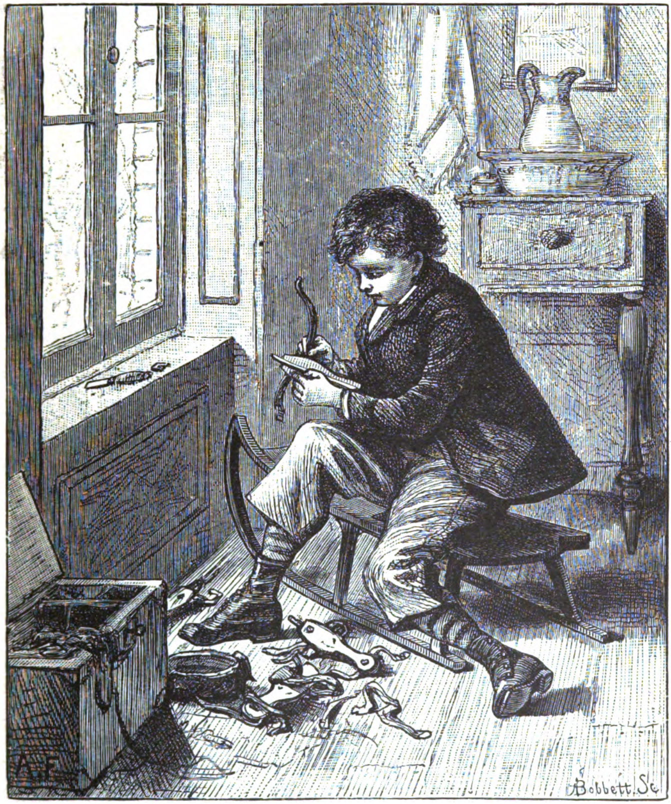
Write the name of each thing you see in this picture. What does the picture say to you?

LESSON VIII.

çẽr′-tain
need′-ed
rŭn′-nerş
plĕas′-ure (plĕzh-)
rĕad′-y
bŭc′-kle
plĕaş′-ant
out-grōwn′
un-păcked′
Săt′-ur-day
ȧft′-er-no͞on
dĭf′-fer-ençe

THE NEW SKATES.

It is four o'clock in the afternoon—Saturday afternoon, too; and this boy, James Steele, is



just ready to go out on the ice with his new skates.

The fact is, he has been at work on his old skates. They needed new straps, and one of the buckles was bent, and one of the runners was loose. What with going to the store for a buckle, and hunting up sound straps, and working over that runner, it was fully two hours before the skates were ready for use.

They had been too small for him for more than a year; but he had clung to them, feeling somehow that it would never do for a boy to be without skates.

But to-day, when his new pair was unpacked, James made up his mind that the old ones should go to Jerry Murphy, who lives in the lane, and brings milk every morning. Jerry has never owned a pair of skates in his life.

So James went to work with all his might; and now, while he fastens on his own shiny ones, he has the pleasure of thinking of Jerry trying on his skates, and getting ready to use them as soon as his work is done.

"Oh," said a certain little boy, to whom I told this story, "I don't think that was such a great thing to do! Old skates that he had outgrown!—what good could they do him? I have two pairs up in the attic, that I would just as soon have given away as not, if I had only thought of it."

Ah, ha! my boy, that is just the point. You have given the difference between James and yourself. You see, he thought of it. There are very many kind things in this world that we would just as soon do as not, if we only thought of them.

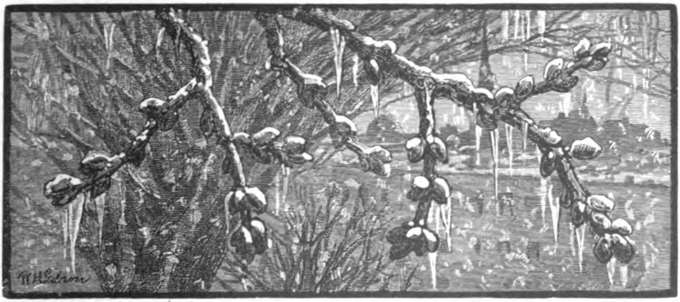
Copy the sixth paragraph, and take great care to put in all the capitals and marks of punctuation.

LESSON IX.

rŏcked
tŭcked
ȼrā′-dle
sĭs′-terş
be-liēve′

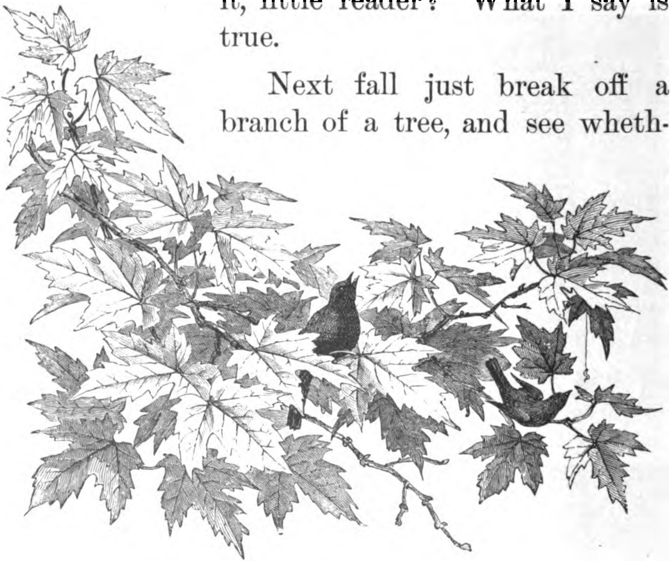
pụshed
shōwed
a̤l′-wayş
drŏpped
blăn̲′-ket

wrăpped
brȯth′-erş
beaū′-ti-fụl
ĕm′-pha-sis
sȼho͞ol′-house



THE STORY OF A LEAF.

I am only a leaf. My home is one of the great trees that grow near the schoolhouse. All winter I was wrapped up in a tiny warm blanket, tucked in a little brown cradle, and rocked by the winds as they blew. Do you not believe it, little reader? What I say is true.



Next fall just break off a branch of a tree, and see whether you can not find a leaf bud on it. It will look like a little brown knot.

Break it open, and inside you will see some soft, white down; that is the blanket. The brown shell that you break is the cradle.

Well, as I was telling you, I was rocked all winter in my cradle on the branch. When the warm days came, and the soft rains fell, then I grew very fast indeed. I soon pushed myself out of my cradle, dropped my blanket, and showed my pretty green dress to all who came by.

Oh, how glad every one was to see me! And here I am, so happy, with my little brothers and sisters about me! Every morning the birds come and sing to us; the great sun shines upon us, and the winds fan us.

We dance with the winds, we smile back at the bright sun, and make a pleasant shade for the dear birds. Every day, happy, laughing school children pass under our tree.

We are always glad to see you, boys and girls—glad to see your bright eyes, and hear you say, "How beautiful the leaves are!"

Write answers to the following questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

What do you see in the first picture? In the second picture? What is each bird doing?

LESSON X.

HOW TO READ.

II.

When you have learned to know each syllable of a word, and can give the proper sound to each letter in it, you have learned much, but not all that is necessary, in order to know how to pronounce that word properly.

Before you can do this, there is one more thing for you to learn:

Listen! "Pen′-cil," "pen-cil′." Can you tell me the difference between the two ways in which I spoke that word?

Yes; the first time I pronounced it I spoke the first part, or syllable "pen," with more force than the second syllable, and the second time I spoke the last syllable, "cil," with more force than I gave to the first. Now, can you tell me which is the right way to pronounce the word? The first way is right.

This speaking one syllable of a word with more force than is given to the others is called *accent.*

And we say of the syllable that is spoken with the greater force that it is *accented.*

In the word "pen′-cil" we found that the first syllable should be accented. In the word "po-ta′-to" we find that the second syllable is accented. You may tell which syllables of these words should be accented. You may read them: Thimble, perhaps, carpet, between, allow, baby, remember, forgotten, syllable, accented.

In the first of these lessons you were taught that a group of words making sense should not be read with a stop after each word, thus: "This, is, my, book;" but that it should be read in this way: "This - is - my - book," or as one *sense-word.*

You have learned, also, that one part or syllable of a word must be spoken with more force than the others; and you must now learn that just so, in the longer *sense-words*, there is some one word to be spoken louder, or with more force, than the rest, to bring out the meaning of what is said; as: "This - is - our - *play* - room." "Did - *you* - see - the - birds?" "Yes; *I* - saw - them." "What - were - they - *doing?*" "They - were - *drinking.*"

This louder tone on a *word* in a group of words is called *emphasis;* as: "This - is - our - *class* - room." That it is a room is not all that you need to tell us. There are many kinds of rooms in the world; and so you must emphasize "class," in order to tell us just what *kind* of a room it is.

When such words are read louder than the rest—that is, when they are emphasized—the true meaning of what is said, or read, is forced upon our notice.

The extra force with which we speak one part of a *word* is called *accent.*

The extra force with which we speak one part of a *sense-word* is called *emphasis.*

In writing and printing, the accent of a word is marked by having this little sign (′) placed over the syllable that is to be sounded with the greater force.

The emphasis of a word in a sentence is marked, in writing, by having a line drawn under it; and in printing, by having the word printed in *italics.*

Copy the following words, divide them into their syllables, and mark the accented syllables:

Inkstand, baker, syllable, behave, awaken, remind, real, America, believe, Columbus.

Copy the following sentences, and draw a line under the words which you think should be emphasized:

I read in the "Third Reader" now. Can you spell every word in the lesson?

Albert says there was but one robin in the bush, but I think there were two.

LESSON XI.

dôeş
bītes
sle̱igh
cȧr′-ry
hound
sprĭngş
strāight
drĭft′-ed
thro̤ugh
pụd′-ding
pŭmp′-kin
ex-trēme′-ly

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go!
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the wḥite and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play!
Hear the bells ring—
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound,
For this is Thanksgiving day!

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate!
We seem to go
Extremely slow—
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—
Now, grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!—
Is the pudding done?—
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Write a little story of your own about Thanksgiving day.

LESSON XII.

in-deed′
bûrned
lẽarned
c̶oŭs̬′-*i*n
dēar′-ly
qua̤r′-ter
dȧnç′-ing
thĭn̲k′-ing
wạtch′-ing
da̤ugh′-ter
wȯn′-der-fụl
re-mĕm′-ber

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

Mrs. Selton sat at her table, writing a letter to her eldest son, who was away at school. Her daughter Clara, a little girl between five and six years old, was sitting by the window, playing with her pet kitten.

At last, tired of play, she came and stood by her mother's side, watching the pen go over the paper, and thinking, "What a wonderful thing it is to write a letter!"

Presently her mother said to her, "Clara, would you not like to send a letter to your brother Henry?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma, I should!"

"Why don't you, then?"

"Why, I can not write, mamma."

"I will write for you, if you wish."

"Oh, do! That will be just the thing!"

"Now, remember, this is to be your letter, little daughter—not mine. I will lend you the use of my hand, but you must tell me what to say. What shall I write?"

"I do not know."

"You do not know—though you love your brother so well! Shall I find something for you?"

"Oh, yes—please!"

"Well, then, let me see:

Dear Henry:

'Last night the house was burned down from top to bottom.'"

"Oh, no, mamma—don't say that!"

"Why not?"

"Because it is not true."

"You know, then, that you must not write what is not true. I am glad you have learned so much. Remember it as long as you live. Never write what is not true. But you must think of something that *is* true."

"I can't, mamma."

"Well, how would this do?—

"'Dear Henry:

"'The kitten has been playing with its tail for a quarter of an hour.'"

"Oh, don't write that!"

"Why not, daughter? It is true; I have seen that myself."

"But it is so silly! Henry does not want to know anything about the kitten and its tail."

"Why, my dear, I see that you know a great deal about letter writing. It is not enough that a thing be true; it must be worth writing about. Do tell me, now, something to say."

"I can't think of anything."

"Shall I write this?—

"'Dear Henry:

"'You will be glad to learn that cousin George is well enough to ride out.'"

"Oh, yes, mamma—write that! Henry loves George dearly, and will be very glad to know that he is better. That is just the thing to write!"

"You see, Clara, that you know what to put into a letter, and the reason you can not write one is because you do not know how to make the words. As soon as you learn that, you can write a letter to Henry all alone; and I am sure he will be glad to get it."

Write a letter to one of your friends, or to your teacher.

LESSON XIII.

lŭnġe
per-hăps′
pĕn′-nieṣ
līke′-ness
brought (bra̤t)
coŭn′-try
câre′-less
squĩr′-rel
ca̤u′-tioŭs (-shŭs)
chăt′-ter-ing
bȳ′-stănd-erṣ
men-ăg′-er-ie (-ăzh′-)

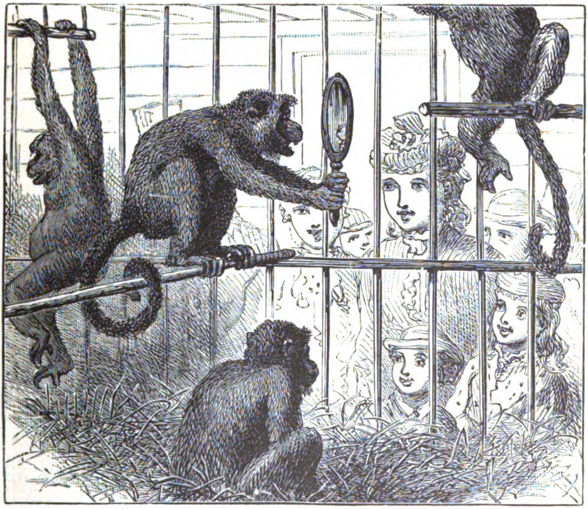
THE MONKEY AND THE MIRROR.

How many of you, children, have seen a monkey? One, two, three, four—there is no use counting; you all have. It may be that you have seen the monkey which goes around with the organ grinder, and wears a red dress and a little red cap, and picks up pennies for the man.

Or, perhaps, you have seen the monkeys at a menagerie, and have watched them running and jumping and swinging in their large cages.

But who of you ever saw them wild, living in the trees like the birds, going where they please, and chattering monkey talk all day? Some little boys and girls who live in a country far away from here see them so; for monkeys live in the woods there, just as squirrels do here.

A monkey, whose name was Jake, lived in a cage. There were a great many other monkeys with him, and people went to see them. One day a lady gave Jake a small hand glass. This was a new thing to him. He did not know what to make of it. He looked in it, and saw—what do you think?—a monkey.



We know it was only his own likeness, but Jake did not know that; he thought it was another monkey. He didn't like the looks of the new monkey very much, so he thought he would catch him.

At first he looked in the glass, and then made a lunge after the monkey which he thought was behind it; but, as he did not catch him, he put down the glass and looked around to see where he was.

"I'm too careless," thought Jake. "I will be more cautious the next time." So, the next time, watching the monkey in the glass all the while, he very carefully put out one arm and brought it slowly, slowly up behind the glass, and then made a sudden lunge at the monkey.

He didn't catch him, and, while the bystanders laughed, poor Jake scratched his head, as much as to say, "It may be great fun to you, but I can't understand how in the world that monkey got away."

Write a word which means the opposite of small; *of* new; *of* wild; *of* behind.

Copy the following sentences, and, in place of the dashes, write in each sentence two words having opposite meanings:

I saw a —— man and —— boy.
James has a —— book, while Mary has an —— one.
Some animals are ——, and others are ——.

LESSON XIV.

hăp′-pi-er
mĭs′-chief
flŭt′-tered
ȼlŭck′-ing

stū′-pid
pōul′-trў
pŭz′-zled
ȼon-sōled′

ȼâre′-fụl-ly
dis-trĕssed′
stăg′-ḡered
smȯth′-ered

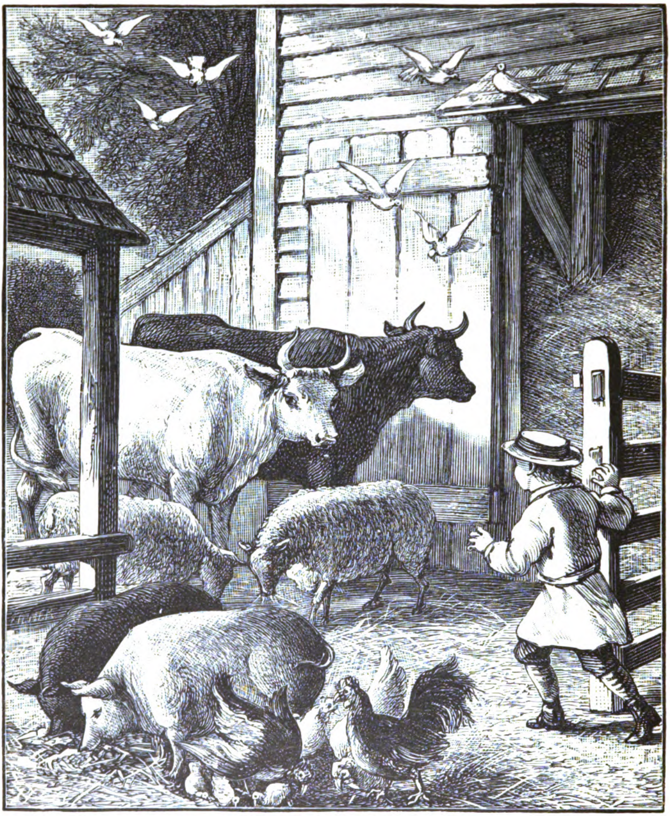
HOW JOHNNY HELPED THE CHICKEN.

It was the first time Johnny had ever been upon a farm, and a happier little boy you never saw. He trotted about from morning till night, among pigs and cows and chickens and sheep, from the stable to the meadow and back to the farmyard, and down to the duck pond, never stopping long enough to find out how tired he was until night came.

One day Johnny went out by himself to the poultry yard. There he saw a hen looking down into her nest, and clucking in a way quite painful to hear, she seemed so puzzled and distressed.

She was a very young hen, and I suppose she did not quite know what was going on there. Neither did Johnny; so he went up to see.

What did he see? Well, he saw six large, yellow eggs; and, when he looked closer, he saw



that a little bit was chipped out of one of the eggs, and from the crack came a faint "Peep! peep!"

"Oh, I know what's the matter!" thought Johnny. "There's a little chicken in that egg, and it wants to get out, and its silly mamma won't help it one bit. Stupid hen! I suppose she does not know any better, though. Poor little thing! how its legs must ache, all rolled up in a tiny ball like that! I wonder if I couldn't help it? Let me see!"

So Johnny took up the egg, and broke off a little bit of the shell.

"Peep! peep!" said the chicken inside, a little louder.

"He likes it," thought Johnny, very much pleased. "He must be almost smothered in there;" and carefully, very carefully, Johnny broke the shell away, piece by piece, while the young mamma clucked and fluttered at his feet.

"Now you just be still, hen-mamma!" said Johnny. "I'm not going to hurt your little boy—not one bit. There," as he broke away the last bit of shell—"there's your baby, all safe! But, O dear—how little and weak he is!" said Johnny; for the chicken could not use its legs, and it staggered about, and peeped more than ever.

Johnny stood and thought.

"Now, hen-mamma," he said, "I'm afraid I've done mischief, but I didn't mean to. I guess your little boy wasn't quite big enough to come out of his cradle yet. I can't put him back, that's sure, because I can't put the shell together again; and, if I could, I don't know how to curl him up so as to fit in.

"Oh, I know!" thought Johnny; "here's just the thing—an empty tomato can—that will do. Now I'll cover him up all nicely with this, and let him grow till to-morrow, and then I'll come and let him out. He'll be all right, hen-mamma; you just wait. This is what my mamma does with the flowers she sets out, so it must be all right."

So Johnny covered up the chicken and went off to his play; and the hen clucked awhile, and then remembered her other eggs, and went back to them.

And the chicken— Well, what did the chicken do? That I can not tell you, but I know what Johnny found the next day; and that was, a very stiff little chicken, with his toes all curled up, and a dull film over his eyes. Johnny did feel sad then. He meant to be so kind to the little thing; and now—!

"Well," thought Johnny, at last, "perhaps it would have grown up a wicked chicken, and broken its mamma's heart."

Write entire words in place of these contractions:

there's what's here's I'll I've
he's we'll can't didn't
wasn't I'm won't

LESSON XV.

HOW TO READ.

III.

In a former lesson you learned what is meant by emphasis. Now let us study the following sentence, to find out *why* we use emphasis:

"This is my dog."

Suppose some one should claim your dog, and you wished to say that it was your dog, and not his, you would emphasize the word "my"—would you not?—giving the sentence thus:

"This is *my* dog."

Now, if he were to say it was *not* your dog, and you wished to say you were *certain* it was, how would you speak the sentence?

"This *is* my dog."

Yes, you would put the emphasis on the word "is."

Suppose several dogs were near, and you should wish to point out which one of them was yours, how would you speak the sentence?

"*This* is my dog."

Yes, you would emphasize the word "This."

If I should say to John, "Take your 'Reader' from your desk," and he, without thinking, were to take some other book, and I should say to him, "That is not your '*Reader*,'" even if you did not see him, you would understand, by the way in which I spoke, that he had taken out some other book or thing—would you not?

If I were to say to him, "That is not *your* 'Reader,'" you would then understand that he had taken some other person's "Reader," and not his own—would you not?

From this you see that several meanings may be given to one sentence, by emphasizing different parts of the sentence.

So, in order to give the true meaning, and have it understood by others, you must emphasize that part of the sentence which will best show what is meant. And, to know what is meant, you must always know what goes before, and sometimes what comes after. So, you see, you must study your reading lessons.

Read and emphasize the following sentences, so as to give three meanings to each:

"Is this your hat?"

"I do not like this book."

"Will you go with me?"

Copy each of the above sentences three times, and mark the emphasis so as to give three different meanings to each sentence.

LESSON XVI.

lĕt′-terṣ
dŏl′-larṣ
wọm′-an
twĕn′-ty
ȼŏm′-mon
hŭn′-dred
queen
prĭnçe
chȧnçe
ȼȯl′-ored
prĭnt′-ing
un-knōwn′

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Many years ago there lived in England a boy whose name was *Alfred.* His *father* was the *king.* The son of a king or queen is called a *prince;* so Alfred was a prince.

His *mother* was a *good* woman, and *fond* of *books.* One day she had in her hands a book which had *large-letters* in it. The book was not printed like *our* books, for at that time they did not know how to print.

All the letters were made with a *pen* or a *brush.* They were colored *red, blue,* and *gold,* and looked *very-pretty.* Books were not very *common* in those days, and a *fine* one cost a *great-deal*-of-*money;* sometimes one would be worth *many-hundred-dollars.*

Alfred and his *brother* liked the book *very-much,* and *each* wished his mother to give it to *him.* But she said, "I will give the book to the *one* who shall *first*-learn-to-*read*-it."

Alfred knew a man who could *teach* him; so he went to him at once, and *studied-so-well* that he *soon* learned to *read.* He *won* the *book,* and was *proud* of it all his *life.*

When he was *twenty-three-years-old* he became King-of-England. He was very wise, and did a *great-deal*-of-*good;* so people have called him ALFRED-THE-GREAT.

Copy the following sentences, and in **place of the** *dashes put words chosen from the list below:*

The son of a —— is a ——.
A boy whose —— is a —— is called a ——.

A girl whose —— is a —— is called a ——:
A prince or princess is the —— of a —— or a ——.

king
queen
father
mother
prince
princess
boy
child

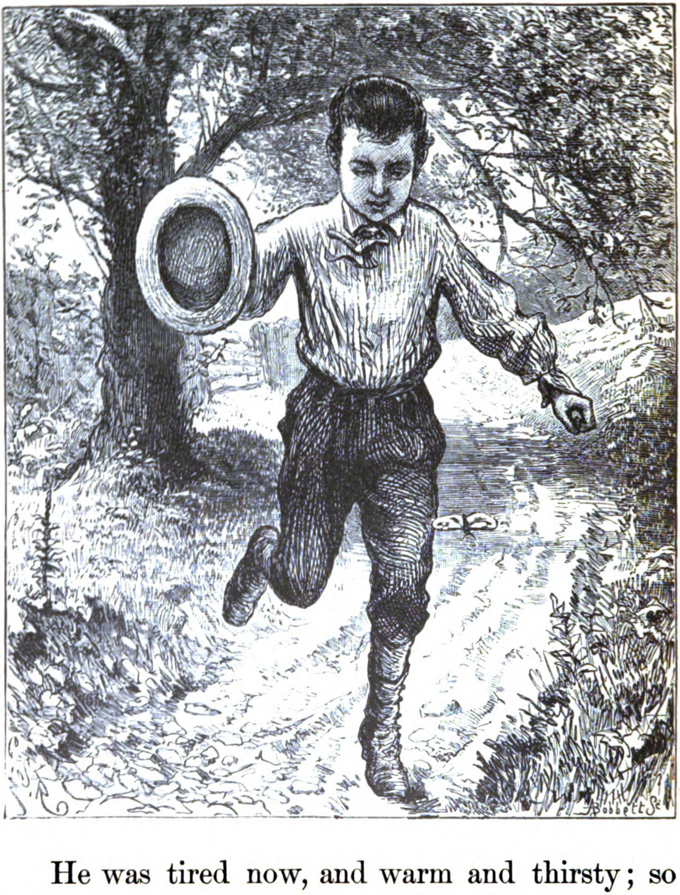
LESSON XVII.

a-rōṣe′
bāt͟hed
fŏl′-low
thĩrst′-y
de-spīṣe′
hũr′-ried
nō′-tiçed
wrĭt′-t*e*n
sĭck′-ness
bŭt′-ter-flȳ
mĕd′-i-çĭne
ȧft′-er-ward

COLD WATER.

One warm day Carl went out to fly his kite. There was very little wind, but Carl ran up and down the dusty road, trying to make the kite rise in the air. While he was running, it would go up a little way; but, as soon as he stopped, down it would come again to the ground. After a while he became tired of his kite; so he put it under a bush, in a corner of the fence.

Then he saw a pretty yellow butterfly among the weeds by the side of the road. He ran after it, and tried to catch it; but the butterfly gave him a long chase, and escaped from him after all.



He was tired now, and warm and thirsty; so he hurried on to a spring which he knew was under an old oak tree by the roadside. Carl found the shade of the tree very pleasant, and he made haste to drink of the clear, cold water.

He stepped out on a plank which was lying near the edge of the water, and knelt down to drink; but, as he did so, he noticed something written on the plank. He stopped to read it. Some one had written there these words: "Rest in the shade before you drink."

"Why must I wait?" said Carl. "I am thirsty and warm, and this water is so fresh and cool! I will rest in the shade after I drink; I am thirsty now, and can not wait." He drank as much as he wished, and bathed his hands and face in the cool water; then he lay down to rest.

Soon he began to feel very strange. He was so dizzy, that he feared he was going to be ill. He arose and hurried home, and by the time he reached the house he was ill indeed.

Poor Carl! He did not get out of doors again for many days. The doctor came to see him and gave him medicine, and for a long time every one thought he could not get well again; but, at last, he did, and once more was able to go out.

His father said to him: "This has been a very painful illness for you, Carl; but I think you will not again act so foolishly."

"No, father," replied Carl; "I have learned that it is dangerous to drink cold water when I am very warm. I shall not do such a thing again."

Copy the following sentences, and in place of the dashes write words chosen from the list below:

think	kneel	drink	find	come
thought	knelt	drank	found	came

I —— I will go now.
We —— of it yesterday.
I —— water when I am thirsty.
Mary —— coffee for breakfast.
He —— down to drink.
People used to —— before a king.
She —— her parcel in her desk.
She can not —— it now.

LESSON XVIII.

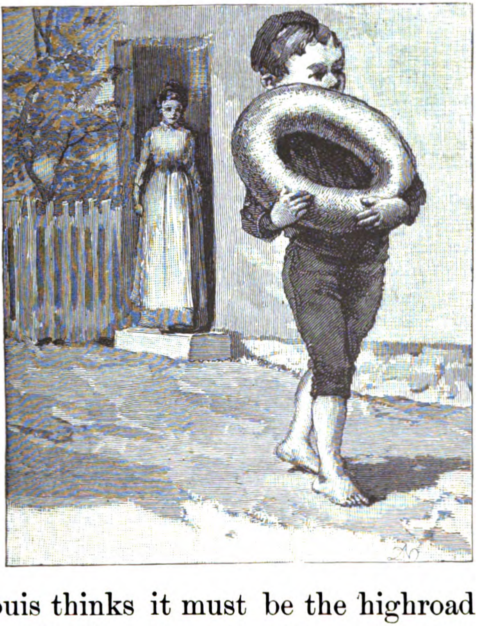
ȼăp′-i-tal
băl′-ançe
hănd′-fu̇l
pĕd′-dler
suȼ-çĕss′
brāve′-ly
proud′-ly
vĭȼ′-to-ry
ȼăr′-riaġe (-rĭj)
sȼârçe′-ly
ex̱-ăm′-ĭne
shōul′-der
a-bout′
a̤l′-terş
be-fōre′
mĭn′-ute (-it)

THE ROUND LOAF.

In a village in the country of France there lives a little boy whose name is Louis. One morning his mother sent him to carry a loaf of bread to a gentleman who lives in the country.

The loaf that Louis has to carry is round, like a thick, clumsy ring. It is about the size of the wheel of a baby carriage, and about as thick as a man's arm. Louis is a small boy, a mere baby, and the loaf is a heavy load for him. This morning Louis's mother has no one but him to send with it.

He holds it in his two arms, and starts off bravely; but he is scarcely out of the town before he begins to feel tired.

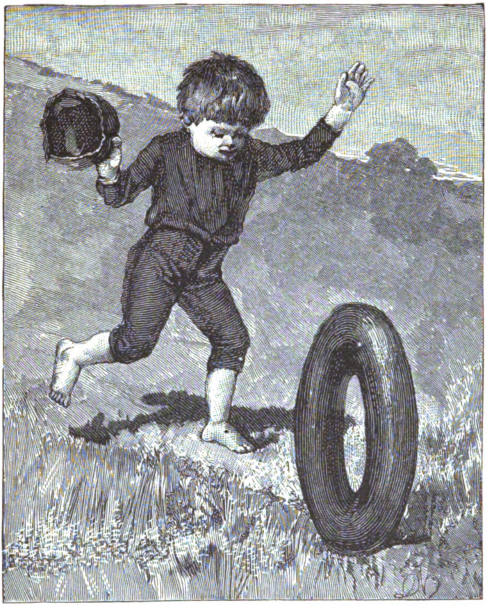


He alters his plan, and tries to carry the loaf on his head. This is capital! He can balance it almost as well as John, the baker's boy, himself.

It is very odd, though; this way is tiring too. Louis thinks it must be the highroad that makes him tired, and so he takes the footpath.

But there are stones in the footpath. Little Louis falls, and the loaf falls on top of him.

Now he sits down on the loaf, and thinks a minute: "A *round* loaf—that should roll. Let us try. Here we are just at the very place where the path goes downhill." Hurrah!—a great success! The loaf sets off alone, and rolls to the very bottom.



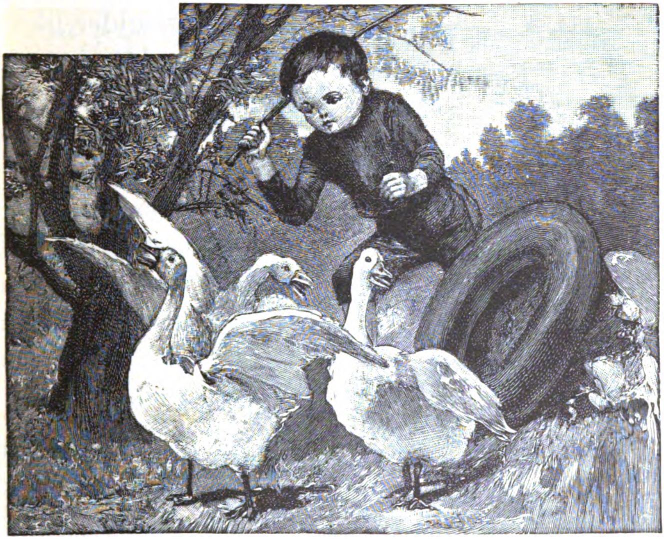
But, oh! at the bottom it stops in a puddle and gets muddy. A brook is close by, and with a handful of grass little Louis soon washes the loaf clean.

Now he puts it on his head again and starts across the brook. He looks down at the fishes—O dear, there is the loaf in the water!

Louis gets it out, *but the water is wet*, and now the loaf, too, is wet.

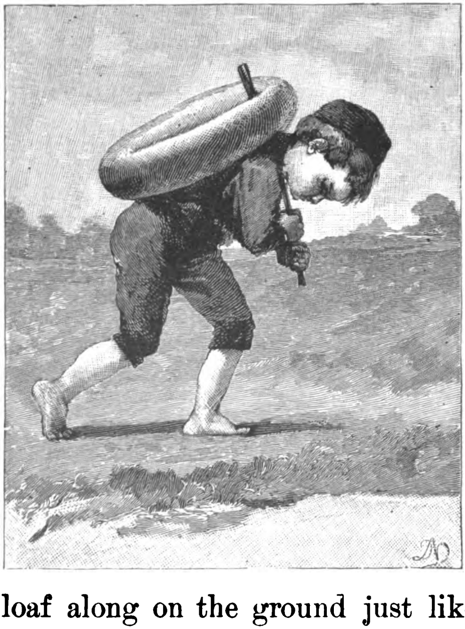
Louis stands it up against a stone to dry, while he goes back to catch the little fishes with a crooked stick.

Behind his back, the geese come to examine the loaf. To find out if it is good, they peck a hole in it.



Louis drives them away with his crooked stick, and then goes back to catch the fishes. He thinks he is quite a hero, to drive away those geese.

Now—wait—a big fish is going to bite the stick; in a minute Louis will have him. Ah! the fish is gone. Louis is disappointed. He turns around to take a look at his loaf. "What can that ugly dog want with my loaf?" Louis throws a stone, and the dog runs away. "What a great victory!" thinks Louis, and he walks proudly.



Now Louis has a new idea: he hangs the loaf on the end of the stick, and carries it on his shoulder like a peddler's pack. But it makes his little back ache to stoop over so. He stands up, and the loaf slips down to the end of the stick.

Here is the best plan of all: by means of the stick, Louis drags the loaf along on the ground just like a wagon. At last he gets it to the gentleman's house.

"Thank you, little Louis," says the maid, as she takes the loaf; "what a good boy you are!"

But, when the loaf comes to the table, the gentleman wonders why it is not so fresh as it should be.

Draw, or describe, the picture you have in your mind when you read the third paragraph, the sixth, or any others which your teacher may select. It is a good plan to shut your eyes while you are trying to imagine the picture.

LESSON XIX.

mȯnth
nō′-tĭçe
rhȳme (rīm)
thĩr-ty-one′
Fĕb′-rṳ-a-ry
No-vĕm′-ber
Sep-tĕm′-ber
twĕn-ty-nīne′
twĕn-ty-e̱ight′
ōld-făsh′-ioned
grănd′-fä-thers̩
grănd′-mȯth-ers̩

AN OLD RHYME.

Here is an old rhyme about the number of days in each month. Your fathers and your mothers, and your grandfathers and your grandmothers too, used to learn it by heart when they were boys and girls like you, and went to school, years and years and years ago.

And if you should learn it to-day, and repeat it at home to-night, I am sure it would make some heart glad to hear again from your dear lips the old rhyme:

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the others thirty-one,
Except the second month alone,
Which has but twenty-eight in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine."

You notice, in the first line, the word *hath* is used instead of the word *has*. You wonder why this is so. Now, if you will read the line with *has* in the place of *hath*, this way:

"Thirty days *has* September,"

you will see that it is not so easy to say as the other, because there are so many sounds of *s* coming near together. This is one of the reasons it is written *hath*; and another is, that this was the old-fashioned way of saying it.

The fourth and fifth lines of the rhyme are these:

"Except the second month alone,
Which has but twenty-eight in fine."

These lines mean this: The second month, which is February, is the only month which has only twenty-eight days in it; and February has but twenty-eight days *in fine*. What does *in fine* mean? I will tell you. *In fine* is an old-fashioned way of saying, *To come to the end.* I told you this was an old rhyme, and you see that it has old-fashioned words in it.

"Till *leap year* gives it twenty-nine."

Ah! here is something for you to find out.

Copy this "Old Rhyme," and commit it to memory.

LESSON XX.

HOW TO READ.

IV.

You know what is meant by *emphasis*, and *why* it is used. Now I will show you *how* and *when* it should be used.

Suppose you should say: "The *sun* is risen. The sun is *too high*, and it is *too warm* for us to walk *now*. Let us *wait* until the sun *sets*."

In the first sentence "sun" is a *new* thing. Before that, you were reading or talking of something else; *now* you wish the person to whom you are speaking to think of the *sun*, and you emphasize the word "*sun*," in order to make him think of it.

After the first sentence, "sun" is not any longer a *new* idea, but the *ideas* that the sun is "*too* *high*" and "*too warm*" for us to walk "*now*" are the *new* ideas about the sun which you wish the person to think of, and so you should emphasize the words which express these *new* ideas.

Now, from this we find that the *new ideas* and *new things* spoken of in a sentence should be EMPHASIZED, in order to call attention to them; and we may make it a rule that

Words expressing new ideas must be emphasized.

I wish you to think out for yourselves answers to these two questions:

What do we mean by new ideas?

Why do we emphasize words expressing new ideas?

You may read the following sentences as they are marked, and answer the questions below them:

The *robins* have come. I heard them *singing* this morning. Do you think they will *build a nest* in the *apple tree* this year?

Why should "robins" be emphasized? What is the new idea in the second sentence? How many new ideas in the last sentence?

Copy the following sentences, and draw a line under those words which you think should be spoken with more force than the others:

Behind his back, the geese come to examine the loaf. To find out whether it is good or not, they peck a hole in it.

Two young bears were chained to a log. They looked like twins.

LESSON XXI.

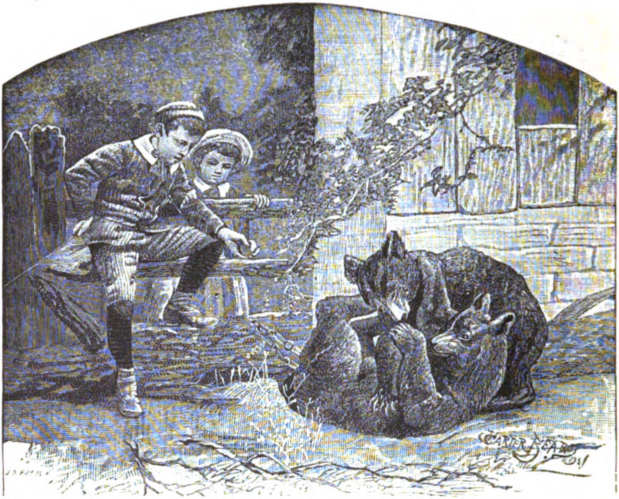
spăt'-ter
stärt'-ed
clŭm'-ṣy
lēad'-ing
ho-tĕl'
hẽard
knŏck
bā'-s*i*n
ăp'-ple
chāined
keep'-er
clīmbed
fôr'-ward
friĕnd'-ly
ē'-v*e*n-ing
foun'-taĭn

THE YOUNG BEARS.

Two young bears were chained to a log near a large hotel among the White Hills. They looked like twins. They were well fed, and fat.

A great many children, and grown people too, went every day to see them. When one of the bears would come forward as far as his chain would reach, and stand upon his hind feet, the boys and girls were not afraid to give him apples and other things to eat.

It made the children laugh to see these young bears at play. They looked clumsy, but they were very spry Sometimes, when they played to-



gether, they would box each other's ears, and roll over and over on the ground.

And sometimes they would sit on the ground with their backs against the log, and play with long sticks, as boys might do. But all the time they looked very wise; they never smiled once. Nobody ever saw a bear smile, or heard one laugh.

Every evening, after supper, a man would lead the bears to the fountain in front of the hotel. It was amusing to see them then. They would jump into the basin, and stand up and spatter water at each other for a while; then each would try to duck the other.

Sometimes, after both the bears had climbed out and shaken off the water, and seemed to be as quiet and friendly as could be, suddenly one of them would make a quick turn and knock the other into the basin, and try to keep him from getting out.

Once, when the keeper was leading them back to their log, one of them broke loose, and ran up a tree and sat on a branch; but soon he came down, and allowed himself to be tied fast to the log.

Write answers to the following questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

How many bears were there?

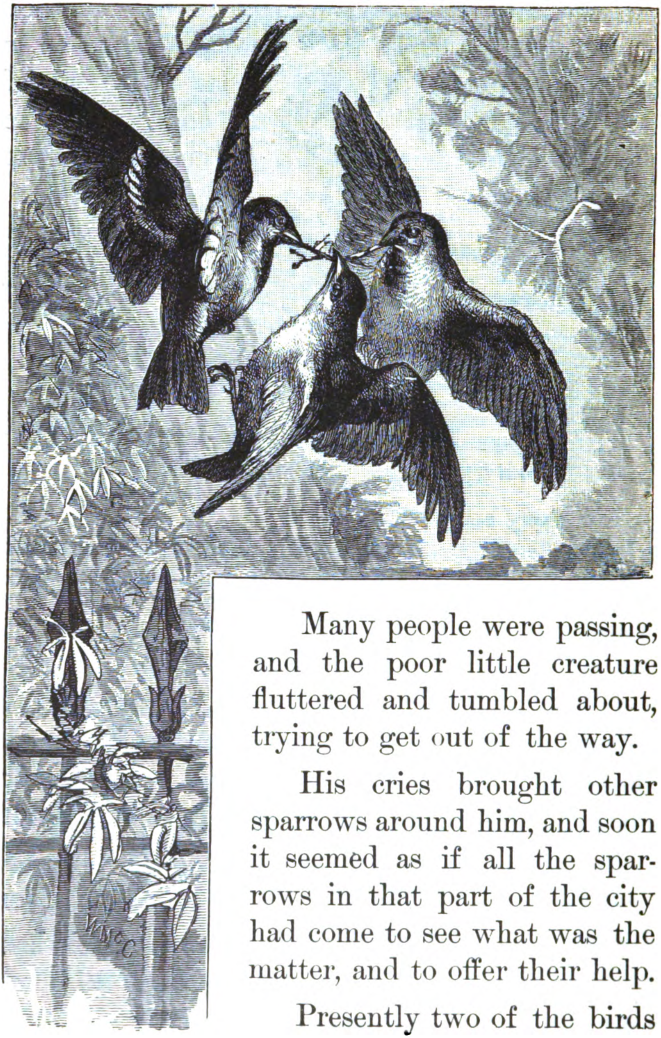
What would they do when the man had led them to the fountain?

LESSON XXII.

ĭnch'-eṣ
chĩrped
pȧss'-ing
c̶rĭp'-ple
spăr'-row
be-tween'
tŭm'-bled
c̶rēa'-ture
flŭt'-tered
chăt'-tered
prĕṣ'-ent-ly
wo͝od'-bīne

THE CRIPPLED SPARROW.

One morning a little city sparrow, which had in some way broken its wing, fell from its home in a tree down to the sidewalk.



Many people were passing, and the poor little creature fluttered and tumbled about, trying to get out of the way.

His cries brought other sparrows around him, and soon it seemed as if all the sparrows in that part of the city had come to see what was the matter, and to offer their help.

Presently two of the birds

tried to lift the lame little fellow by seizing his wings in their bills, but that plan would not work.

Then the whole flock began to chatter at a great rate, and at last three or four flew away. Soon one came back with a twig about four inches long.

This he dropped before the lame bird, and then two of the sparrows took hold of it with their bills, and held it so that the lame one could catch hold of the middle of it with his beak.

This the little fellow did, and, as soon as he had taken a firm hold, the other two flew away with him between them, over the fence, into the park, and into the woodbine which covered a great tree that stood near.

Here the flock of friends followed, twittering and chirping with great joy; nor did they go away until they were certain the little cripple was taken care of.

Write a short story of your own about this bird, or some other bird that you know of.

LESSON XXIII.

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

Auburn, Ashland Co., Ohio.
April 10, 1902.

My dear Stella,

I promised to write to you as soon as we reached the country and here we are. We do have very nice times. We can run and play everywhere.

My little brother Carl has already dug a deep hole with his new spade. He says he is going to dig through to China.

We have a swing here. It is on the limb of a large willow tree. Carl can run under and send me ever so high.

There is a little girl here whom I play with. Her name is Cora. She is just my age and we have great fun together.

Last Friday I gave her one of my oranges.

This morning her mother told me that Cora has a dear little friend named Mattie. Mattie is very ill, and Cora saved her orange to take to her. Was she not kind?

Some day I am going with Cora to see Mattie.

And now, dear Stella, please answer my letter.

Your loving friend,
Bertha Monroe.

Write a letter to one of your friends, or to your teacher.

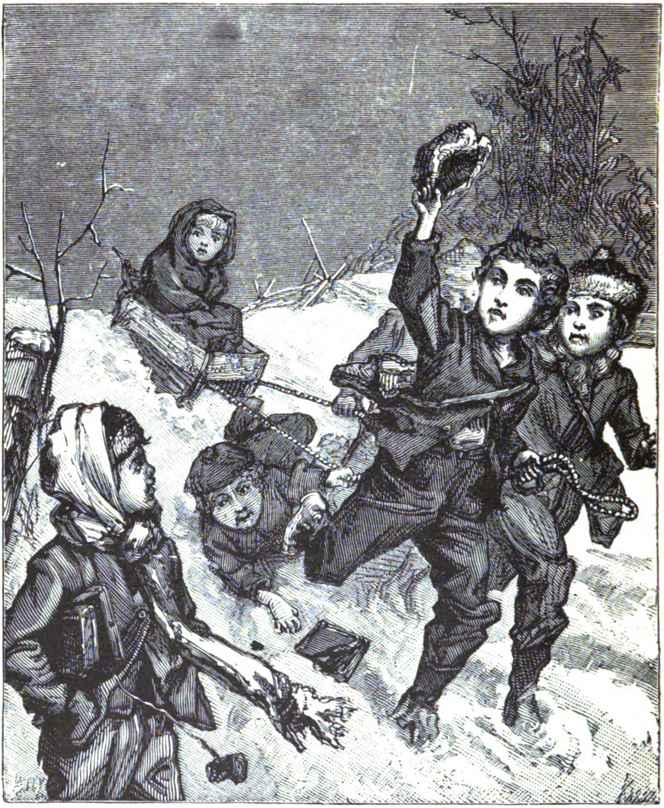
LESSON XXIV.

roŭgh
bright
scâred
ca̤ught

côr′-ner
pre-tĕnd′
mŭf′-fled
wĕath′-er

bĭt′-ter-ly
scrēamed
bŭn′-dled
shout′-ing

bounçed
câre′-less
wọrst′-ed (wụst′-)
păs′-sen-ġer



ELLA'S RIDE.

Ella Mason was a little girl six years old, and quite too small to go alone far from home.

Her brother George always took her to school with him; and in winter, when snow was on the ground, he would put her on his sled and draw her swiftly over the smooth road.

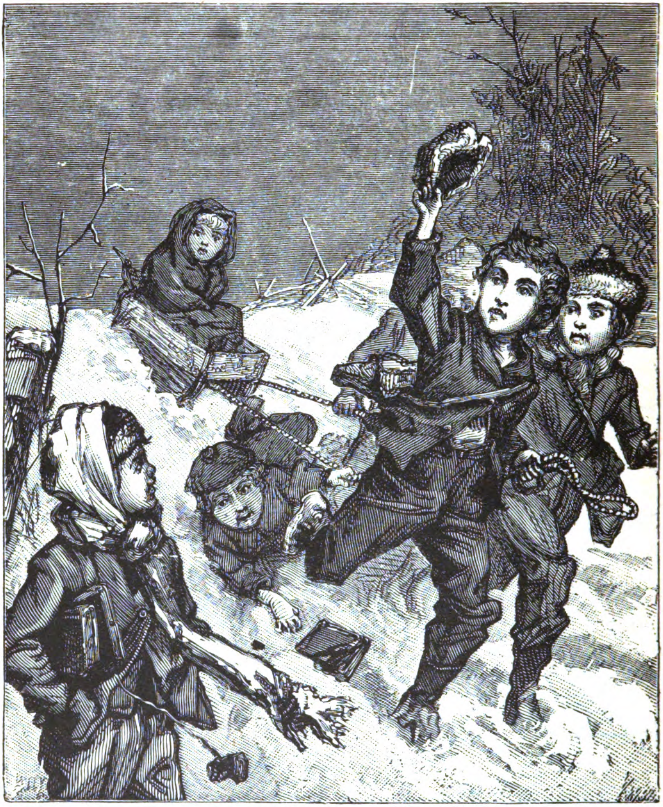
Once, when the weather was very cold, George put her on the sled, and wrapped her up so that she could not move. She looked like a red ball of worsted, George said; for she was so muffled up in a big red shawl that she was quite round, and only her bright eyes peeped out to let you know that a little girl was there.

As the snow was very deep that day, George found the sled quite heavy; so he called one or two of his schoolmates to help him. After they had gone a little way they met George's cousin, and he, too, caught hold of the long rope and helped to draw the sled.

Now the sled seemed very light indeed, because there were so many pulling it. "Come," said Ralph, "let us pretend we are stage horses, and run from here to school without stopping!"

Off they rushed, four strong boys, shouting and laughing in great glee, and the sled bounded swiftly after them over the bright, white snow.

At first little Ella thought it was great fun to go so swiftly; but she could not use her hands to hold on, and she almost bounced off the sled when it went over the rough places.



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At first little Ella thought it was great fun to go so swiftly; but she could not use her hands to hold on, and she almost bounced off the sled when it went over the rough places.

At last, when they had gone about halfway to school, the boys turned a sharp corner and rushed on, never thinking they had left poor little Ella in a pile of snow by the side of the road.

There she sat, and screamed; but the boys were laughing and shouting so loud that they did not hear her. Then she cried softly, and tried to stand, but she was so bundled up that she could not; so she sat still and cried.

The boys ran on, and did not miss Ella at all until they reached the schoolhouse; then George turned to help her off, and saw only the empty sled.

Oh, how scared those stage horses were! They took hold of the rope once more, and rushed down the road without saying a word. In about five minutes they came to the turn in the road, and saw poor little Ella sitting in the snow and crying bitterly.

The boys were very sorry they had been so careless. George took her up tenderly in his arms, and wiped away her tears, saying: "Our stage lost its only passenger in the snow; but the horses never meant to leave her there for Jack Frost to catch;" and, placing her again on the sled, the boys carefully drew her to the schoolhouse door.

Copy the following words, divide them into their syllables, and mark their pronunciation with the diacritical marks. Draw a line through all the silent letters. Example: ~~w~~răp~~pe~~d.

because
pulling
swiftly
reached
carefully
schoolhouse

LESSON XXV.

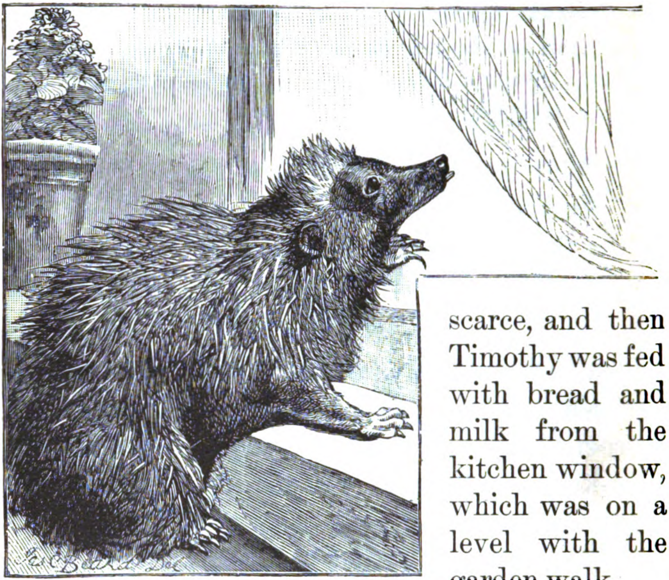
văl′-ue
gär′-d*e*n
ĭn′-seꞓts
mär′-ket
ꞓlōse′-ly
brought
hŭn̲′-gry
pounçed
kĭtch′-en
lĭb′-er-ty
twī′-līght
wa̤lk′-ing
sẽarch′-ing
hĕdġe′-hŏg
re-ꞓȯv′-er-y
gĕn′-er-al-ly

TIMOTHY.

Timothy was our pet hedgehog. I bought him in the market one day, brought him home, and put him into the back garden.

There he was at liberty to wander about as much as he pleased; but he could not get out, because the garden was closely walled in. I used to watch him from my window, walking about, in the twilight, among the grass and flowers, searching for worms and insects; and very useful was he to the plants by so doing.

When the dry weather came, food became



scarce, and then Timothy was fed with bread and milk from the kitchen window, which was on a level with the garden walk.

Soon he learned to know that when he was hungry there was the supply; and often he would scratch at the glass for his supper, and, after getting it, walk off to the garden to make himself useful.

There are very few people who know the great value of hedgehogs in a garden, or they would be more generally kept. But our Timothy—poor fellow!—came to a sad end, in spite of all our care.

One day a strange dog, seeing him walking about in search of his usual food, pounced on him, and bit him. We had hopes of his recovery; but in a few days he died, and we were all sorry.

Find, in the lesson, words and phrases which mean the same as those in the list below.

Write for each word or phrase two sentences. Let the first sentence contain the word or phrase in the list. Let the second sentence contain the word or phrase found in the lesson. Example:

He came to a sad end, in spite of *our carefulness.*
He came to a sad end, in spite of *all our care.*

our carefulness
looking for
free
of use

LESSON XXVI.

SECOND LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

Auburn, Ashland Co., Ohio,
April 23, 1902.

My dear Stella,

This morning Cora and I went to see dear little Mattie. She is so ill that the doctors say she will not live until to-morrow.

It was cold this morning; there was a heavy frost last night. We put on our waterproofs and rubbers, and went by a path through the woods. As we went along, we made believe that we were two little Red Riding Hoods; and at every old stump we saw we cried "There is the ugly black wolf!" and then we ran.

Mattie's house stands on the bank of the river, but poor little Mattie will never look out on the river again. She is so ill that she cannot speak.

Cora cried as if her heart would break when she had to bid Mattie good-bye. She will never see her again until she goes to heaven.

We did not play much as we came home, we felt so sad.

I will write again soon.
Your loving friend,
Bertha Monroe.

Write a letter to one of your little friends, or to your mother.

LESSON XXVII.

pō′-lar
prowlṣ
sûr′-façe
rē′-ġionṣ
sŭm′-mer
se-vēre′
en-joyṣ′
drēar′-y
dīv′-ing
fo͝ot′-ing
flōat′-ing
cȯv′-ered
thĭck′-est
măn′-aġ-eṣ
moun′-taĭnṣ

THE WHITE BEAR.

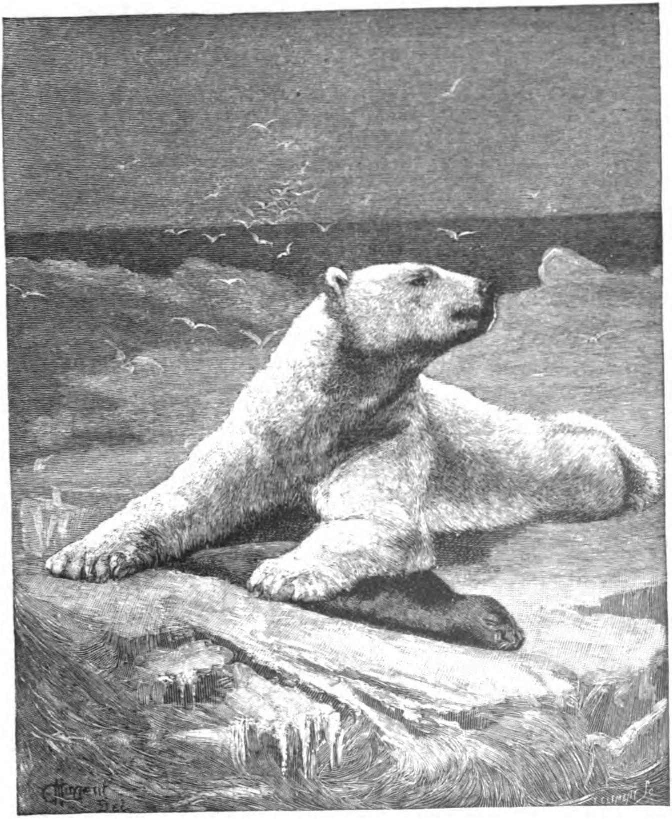
Away in the cold, cold north, where the ground is never clear of snow, and where, even in summer, mountains of ice float about in the sea, lives the polar bear.

No cold is so severe as to hurt him, for he is covered with the thickest of fur. He walks along the fields of ice, and enjoys the sharp air as much as you do the sunshine on a bright May morning.

His feet never slip on the ice, for they are covered with long hair, which makes his footing sure.

If he find himself on an island of ice, it is no matter to him, for he can swim. He swims in the water as fast as he walks on the land—now floating on the surface like a duck, and now diving under like a fish.

Quietly he prowls about in search of food, and finds a meal everywhere, though you might think there is little to eat in those dreary regions.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Clement Sc.

Sometimes he catches a seal asleep on the ice, or dashes after one in the water. Sometimes he dives after fish, and catches even them, swift though they are.

A dead whale affords him food enough to last for many days. And, if animal food becomes scarce, he finds some mountain side from which the snow is melted, and feasts on berries; or, if he gets very hungry indeed, he manages to make a meal of seaweed.

Write a description of the white bear from the picture.

Describe first his head, then his body, then his legs, feet, and fur.

LESSON XXVIII.

HOW TO READ.

V.

I wish you to keep in mind the difference between accent and emphasis.

Accent belongs to a syllable of a word, and *emphasis* belongs to a word in a sentence.

You have learned that, when you wish to call special attention to any word in a sentence, you speak that word with *more force* than you do other words before and after it. This emphasis is called the *Emphasis of Force*, because you use extra force of voice in speaking the word which you emphasize.

But there is another way of emphasizing a word, and that is, by speaking it more slowly than you do the other words. This second kind of emphasis is called the *Emphasis of Time*, because you take more time to pronounce the word which you emphasize, than you give to the words before and after it.

As you have already learned, Emphasis of Force is shown, in writing, by a line drawn under the word to be emphasized, and in printing, by the word being printed in *italics*. Emphasis of Time may be shown by giving the word more s-p-a-c-e.

So, then, we have two ways of making those who hear us read think of the particular thing to which we wish to call their attention:

First: By giving it with greater *force* than the other words of the sentence.

Second: By giving it more *time* than the other words of the sentence.

The Emphasis of Time is a much finer emphasis than the Emphasis of Force, and it is much more agreeable to listen to; but we can give the Emphasis of Time to those words only which have in them the long sounds of the vowels.

The short sounds of the vowels, as in "pretty" and "cunning," can not take this kind of emphasis; and so, to such words we can give only the emphasis of force and slide.

"O - *mother*, how *pretty* the m-o-o-n looks to-night!
She was *never* so cunning before;
Her two little h-o-r-n-s are so sharp and so bright,
I h-o-p-e they'll not g-r-o-w any m-o-r-e."

"What kind of *eggs* are those, Harry?"

"These are c-r-o-w-s' eggs."

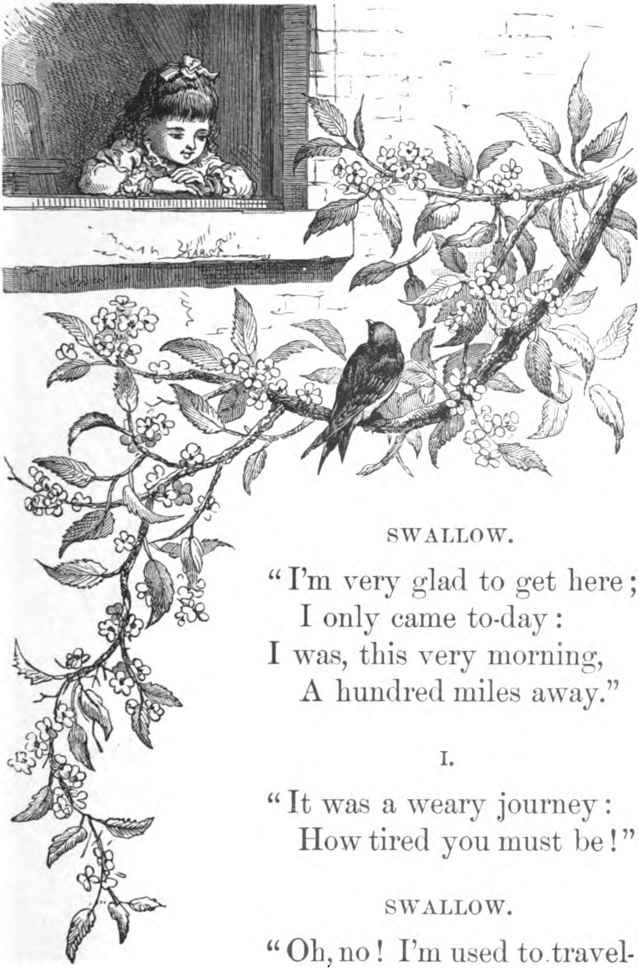
"Where did you *get* them?"

"I found them in the *woods*. I climbed up a g-r-e-a-t, t-a-ll *pine tree*, and got them out of the nest."

LESSON XXIX.

THE SWALLOW AND I.

The lilacs are in blossom,
The cherry flowers are white.
I hear a sound below me,
A twitter of delight:
It is my friend, the swallow,
As sure as I'm alive!
"I am very glad to see you!
Pray, when did you arrive?"



SWALLOW.

"I'm very glad to get here;
I only came to-day:
I was, this very morning,
A hundred miles away."

I.

"It was a weary journey:
How tired you must be!"

SWALLOW.

"Oh, no! I'm used to traveling,
And it agrees with me."

I.

"You left us last September;
And, pray, where did you go?"

SWALLOW.

"I went South for the winter:
I always do, you know."

I.

"The South? How do you like it?

SWALLOW.

"I like its sunny skies;
And round the orange blossoms
I caught the nicest flies!
But when the spring had opened,
I wanted to come back."

I.

"You're just the same old swallow
Your wings are just as black."

SWALLOW.

"I always wear dark colors;
I'm ever on the wing:
A sober suit for traveling
For me's the proper thing."

I.

"Your little last year's nestlings—
Do tell me how they grow."

SWALLOW.

"My nestlings are great swallows,
And mated long ago."

I.

"And shall you build this summer
Among the flowers and leaves?"

SWALLOW.

"No: I have taken lodgings
Beneath the stable eaves.
You'll hear, each night and morning,
My twitter in the sky."

I.

"That sound is always welcome.
And now, good-by!"

SWALLOW.

"Good-by!"

Copy the following questions, and write an answer to each, so as to make a dialogue:

A DIALOGUE.

Question—When did you come, Swallow?
Answer--
Question—Have you traveled far to-day?
Answer—
Question—Are you not very tired?
Answer—
Question—Do you intend to build a nest this summer?
Answer—

LESSON XXX.

ēi′-ther
ȼlōthes̱
ō′-ri-ōle
joy′-fụl
ȼŭr′-rant

bāst′-ing
lĭs′-tened
mō′-ment
ȼū′-ri-oŭs
wrăp′-ping

bough (bou)
fī′-bers̱
thro̤ugh
bus̱′-i-ly (bĭz′-)
to-ḡĕth′-er

WHO STOLE THE THREAD?

It was there, on the window sill, just a moment ago. It was a spool of No. 60. It was a black spool with white thread on it. Bertha's mamma had been using it, and now she wants it again.

She has hunted everywhere for it, out of doors and in the house, and Bertha has helped her, but they can not find it. Willie was sitting in the swing under the old willow tree, and he has not seen anything of it either.

This happened, one bright spring morning, in the country. As Bertha stood at the open window, wondering what had become of the thread, she noticed how very beautiful the willow tree looked that morning.

Its long, golden branches hung down almost to the ground, and made such a pretty playhouse, and its new green leaves shone so brightly in the warm sunshine!

Just then she saw Willie stop swinging and sit still a moment; then he sprang from the swing, picked up something from the ground, and ran into the house.

"O mamma," he cried, "you can never guess who it was that stole your thread! It was a little bird—such a beautiful yellow bird, with black spots! It had hold of one end of the thread, and was pulling and pulling to get the thread off the spool. Mamma, it pulled really hard for such a little thing."

Then his mamma laughed, and said: "So pretty Mr. Oriole thought he would like to have some of my thread to build his nest with, did he? Well, I will forgive him if he will only build it where we can see it."

"But, mamma," said Bertha, "I think this was a *hangbird.*"

"Yes, it was a hangbird, and it was an oriole too, for they are the same bird. But oriole is the right name."

"Then hangbird must be his nickname," said Willie.

"Yes," said the mamma, laughing, "and I think Mr. Oriole is too pretty a bird to be nicknamed—don't you? Would you like to help him build his nest, Willie?"

"But, mamma, how can I?"

"Do you see my new dress, on the bed there? If you will take out the basting threads, and hang them upon the currant bushes, I think your pretty bird will take them to weave into his nest. If you keep out of the way and watch, perhaps you may see him come and get them."

Willie did as his mother told him, and, sure enough, he saw the bird come and take the threads, and fly with them to the willow tree.

And there he and his mate built them a nest. It was such a curious nest! It was made of wrapping cord, and grasses, and thread, and fibers from the clothesline and from the children's swing, all woven together. It hung down from a branch of the tree, just like a little bag. Mr. Oriole and his mate worked very busily at it until it was done.

They worked busily, but they did not work *hard;* there is a difference, you know. They took time to rest, and to eat, and to sing, and to chase each other round the yard and through the trees; but, when they were at work, they worked with a will, and just as if they liked to do it.

When the nest was done, Mrs. Oriole laid her eggs in it, and then she sat on them.

On the warm days Bertha and Willie would come and sit together in the swing under the old willow tree, and swing and swing.

And up over their heads Mrs. Oriole would sit in her pretty nest, and swing and swing.

And Mr. Oriole would perch upon a branch near by, and sing and sing.

Mrs. Oriole listened to his song, and was happy. The children listened to his song, and were happy too. Oh, what bright, sunny days those were! Even the old willow tree itself seemed to grow more golden and green with the happiness and the sunshine.

In a few weeks the eggs were hatched, and the nest was full of baby birds. And then, one morning, the children heard Mr. Oriole singing such a joyful song, that they all went out to listen. He seemed to say:

"Rock-a-by, birdies,
On the tree top;
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
If the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall,
And down come
Rock-a-by, birdies, and all."

Write sentences containing the abbreviations Mr. *and* Mrs. *Be careful as to capitals and punctuation marks.*

* * *

LESSON XXXI.

stȧff
flȧsk
stout
gōats
sho̤eş

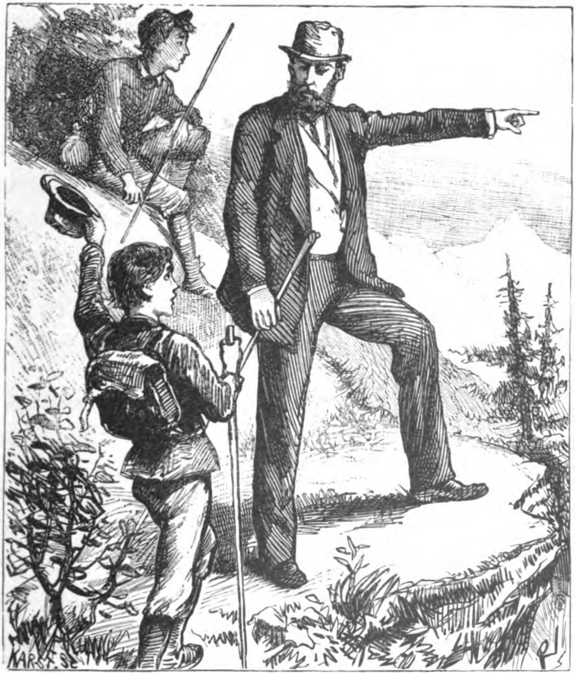
văl′-ley
vĭl′-laġe
năr′-row
feed′-ing
stee′-pleş

hāste
ȼlīmb
bro͝ok
shrŭbş
fŏr′-est

pĕb′-bleş
dĭs′-tançe
bŭb′-bled
knăp′-săck
shĕp′-herd

THE MOUNTAIN.

My father once went with us up the mountain. We had to put on stout shoes, that would not be easily cut by the stones. Each of us had to have a staff, to help him climb. One carried a knapsack, in which mother had packed some towels and other things; and another carried a little water cup to drink from.



We woke up very early in the morning, without needing to be called. We were in such haste to be off, that we wanted to go without breakfast; but mother said it would be more wholesome for us to eat before we started. Mother also put some bread into our knapsack.

We went out of the city and along the highway, but soon we turned into a byroad.

Along this road we came to villages, went through woods, then through fields and over meadows; and then we came to wild, steep places that were hard to climb, where the bushes were thick and the trees were small, and great rocks, larger than our house, stuck out from the side of the mountain.

At last, about noon, we stood on the top of the mountain. Then we could see far away in the distance, over houses and steeples and forests.

The men who went about below looked as small as dolls, and the trees no larger than shrubs. At the foot of the mountain was a deep valley—not narrow and dark, but wide and green, and covered with grass and flowers.

From the side of the mountain gushed out a spring, from which a rill flowed over smooth pebbles, and ran down into the valley; there it joined other rills, and formed a brook which was large enough to turn the mill wheels.

There were no houses on the mountain, and no gardens or fields. Large stones were lying about, so large that no man would be strong enough to roll them away.

A little farther down the mountain we saw cows and goats feeding. The two shepherd boys who were watching them were making willow whistles and blowing them.

When we had seen everything, father said, "Now let us rest." So we all sat down together on a large stone, and ate the bread we had brought. We scooped fresh, clear water from the bubbling spring, and it tasted much better than the water at home.

When we were rested, father said, "Now downward, and home to mother."

Make and write in a column some words which have "ward" *as one part of them, such as* downward, inward, eastward.

Write a short story about a walk that you have taken up a hill, or into the country, or along the street.

LESSON XXXII.

stŭd′-ied
quạr′-rel
coun′-ter
scōld′-ed
grō′-çer-y
be-hāved′
squēaled
shŭt′-terş
re-tûrned′
na̤ugh′-ty
frīght′-ened
hīd′-ing

THE NAUGHTY MICE.

John's father kept a grocery store, and John used to help about the store. One night, after

John had put up the shutters and locked the door, he and his friend Frank sat down by the counter to study their lessons. The boys studied until quite late; the streets grew still, and everything in the house was as quiet as could be.

Suddenly they saw a little mouse running about the room. He seemed very tame.

John said, "Come, Frank, I know my lessons; do you not know yours?"

Frank said that he did.

"Then," said John, "let us have some fun."

So he got a cracker and nailed it to the floor. The noise he made frightened away the mouse; but the boys kept still, and soon they saw him peep from under the counter.

He came a little way into the room, but, seeing the boys, ran quickly back again. Again he tried it, and this time he was so bold as to go up to the cracker and nibble it; then he ran back once more to his hiding place.

The next time he came out he stayed a minute or two, and tried to pull the cracker away with him. This he could not do. So he sat still a moment, as if he were thinking, then away he went.

He was gone longer this time, but when he returned he brought another mouse with him.

This other mouse seemed to be afraid at first; but his little friend ran out to the cracker and back again to him, to show him that he need fear nothing.

Two or three times the second mouse ran a little way into the room and then back, until at last he, too, was bold enough to taste of the cracker.

The two mice now took hold of the cracker and tried to pull it away with them. Finding they could not do this, they began to eat of it as fast as they could.

Each greedy little fellow seemed to fear that the other would get more than his share. They squealed, and scolded, and pushed each other out of the way.

At last they became so angry that they began to fight. They now stood up on their hind paws and struck each other with their fore paws, and bit each other's ears and cheeks, and behaved so much like two naughty children, that Frank and John could not help laughing aloud. This frightened the mice, and away they scampered to their holes.

Frank and John were tired and sleepy by this time, so they took a light and went upstairs to bed. Let us hope that the naughty little mice made up their quarrel, and went peacefully to sleep, as good friends should.

Change the places of the words in the following phrases so as to make new phrases. Example: "put out" *for* "put up."

came out
put up
peeped under
sat down

Copy the following sentences, and in place of the dashes write words chosen from the list above:

Anna, you may — — the window.
Harry —— —— the stairs.
When Mary —— —— the table she saw the dog there.

LESSON XXXIII.

thought (tha̤t)
troŭ'-ble
wĭck'-ed
stănd'-ing
heärt
coŭş'-*i*n
con-tĕnt'
pā'-tient
ŭp'-ward
wĭn'-dow
prâyer (prâr)
ẽar'-nest-ly

LITTLE BEGINNINGS.

A little girl on a little bench
  By a little window stood,
And a little trouble was in her heart—
  "Ah! if I were but good!"

"Not very, very good," she thought,
"Like dear Cousin Jane who died;
But only patient, true, and kind,
And free from wicked pride.

"I'll pray for that at first," she said.
"Our Father will help me try;
And then, perhaps, He will show the way
To be very good by and by."

Then upward rose the little prayer;
So earnestly it went,
That the little heart of the little maid
Was filled with a sweet content.

And, standing there on the little bench,
She looked up into the sky:
"I'll try to be good right off," she said,
"And better yet by and by."

Copy the first three stanzas of this poem.

LESSON XXXIV.

HOW TO READ.

VI.

You have learned, now, that there are two kinds of emphasis:

1. The Emphasis of Force.

2. The Emphasis of Time.

But there is still another way to give emphasis, more important than either of these two; and that is, to give the voice a longer slide upward or downward when you speak the *accented syllable* of the word which you wish to emphasize.

When I ask a question, as, "Are you com′ing?" on the syllable "com" my voice slides up the scale, from a lower to a higher pitch. This is the *rising slide*, and it is shown by putting this sign (′) after the *accented syllable* of the word to be emphasized; as, "Are you com′ing?" "Do you hear′ me?"

When I answer a question, as, "Yes‵, cer‵tainly," my voice slides down the scale, from a higher to a lower pitch. This is the *falling slide*, and is shown by putting this sign (‵) after the *accented syllable* of the word to be emphasized.

These falling slides must be given to such words as say something *positively;* as, "You did‵ do it! I saw‵ you, and Mary‵ and John‵ saw you, and it is very *wicked*‵ of you to deny‵ it!"

You must give the *rising slide* to all *simple questions*, as, "Will you come′ with me?" and you must put this slide on the word which is to be emphasized, whether it be the last word in the sentence or not—not on the end of the sentence, but on that word in the sentence which is to be emphasized. "Will you come′ with me?"

You must also use the *rising slide* in all sentences which express a thing that is *doubtful*—that is, not certain; as, "I will come′ with you, if my mother will let′ me." "If you will come to-mor′row, I will let you ride‵ on my pony."

And you must also use the *rising slide* in all sentences which express a thing that is *negative*, as, "It is not hot′." "This is not my′ book."

You may read the following sentences, giving the emphasis as it is shown by the upward and downward slides, and tell why the emphasis should be so given in each case.

"You did‵ do it. I saw‵ you, and Mary‵ and John‵ saw you, and it is very *wicked*‵ of you to deny‵ it!"

"Will you come and see′ me? If you will come to-mor′row, I will let you ride‵ on my pony. He can go fast‵, I tell‵ you! And I'll give you some flow‵ers to carry home, and we will have a most delight‵ful time. Will you come′?"

"If my mother will let′ me."

"This is not my′ book. It is yours‵."

"How beautiful‵ Lake George‵ is! Were you ever there′?" "No‵, but I hope to go there some′time."

"You ought to wait‵ for that little boy‵ and lead‵ him along, and not run away′ from him and tease′ him so."

Copy the following sentences, and put in the signs of the upward slide (′) and of the downward slide (‵), where you think they should be:

You did hit Belle. I saw you do it. It is my top; my mother gave it to me. May I come in now? Will you be good if I let you come in?

LESSON XXXV.

a-void′
plūmed
stȳl′-ish
fĭn′-er-y
hŭr′-ried

fôr′-ward
plūm′-aġe
ca-nā′-rieş
quạl′-i-tieş
fo͞ol′-ish-ly

pā′-tient-ly
chĭck′-weed
cŏm′-ic-al-ly
temp-tā′-tion
com-păn′-ionş

THE WREN AND THE CANARY.

A FABLE.

Jenny Wren was very happy and contented in her nest in a bush, when one day a canary, who had foolishly escaped from her cage, was driven by a storm to seek shelter there.

The wren took pity on the canary, helped her into her nest, plumed her feathers for her, and acted as a sister toward her.

The canary felt very grateful to the wren; and, when the storm had passed over, she said: "I will go back to my home now, and to my companions, and go in at the place where I came out. And, Mrs. Wren, you must come with me, and spend a few days in our beautiful cage."

The wren made a few excuses at first, saying that her dress was plain and her manners were homely; but the lady canary would take no excuse, and so they set out together for the cage.

The other canaries, I am sorry to say, did not behave as they ought to have done.

One said: "What a little, brown, dumpy thing that is, with her cocked tail sticking up so comically at the end of her back—so different from the way in which we wear ours!"

Another exclaimed: "Look at her feet—ugly things, with black claws! I wonder what she could mean by coming here, or how Lady Yellow-breast could think of bringing her!"

Poor little Jenny Wren! When she heard these unkind things, her feelings were very much hurt.

"How beautifulˋ Lake Georgeˋ is! Were you ever there′?" "Noˋ, but I hope to go there some′ time."

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Poor little Jenny Wren! When she heard these unkind things, her feelings were very much hurt.

But the foolish bird, instead of bearing them patiently, or else returning immediately to her own quiet home in the bush, and to her friends, who loved her for her good qualities, did a very silly thing.

She hid behind a great bunch of chickweed, and, having picked up the cast-off feathers of the canary birds, she stuck them all over her back. Then she tied a pebble to her pretty little tail, to keep it down.

How the canaries did laugh at her for aping them, and trying to look stylish!

"Go home to your companions," said a wise old canary; "your finery may astonish them, but here you can only be laughed at."

Poor Jenny Wren slipped through the wires and hurried home. But the love of finery had taken hold of her little heart, and she could not help taking with her some of the second-hand plumage of the fine birds.

When Jenny Wren reached the grove in which her nest was, what an uproar of laughter greeted her! The plainly-dressed birds felt themselves insulted, and Jenny would have had a sad time if an old robin had not stepped forward and begged the others not to be too hard upon her.

But, at the same time, he felt it right to say this: "It is best for plain birds to avoid the temptation of fine feathers."

Put a syllable before happy, *so as to make another word having just the opposite meaning. Before* obey; grateful; kind; pleased; contented.

LESSON XXXVI.

pre̱y
grāçe
fiērçe
tī′-ḡer
strīpes
pĭs′-tol
ŏr′-anġe
gråsped
ŏf′-fi-çer
c̶ŭn′-ning
ob-şẽrved′
härm′-less
wa̤rn′-ing
sen-sā′-tion
ġĕn′-tle-man
ŭn-der-nēath′

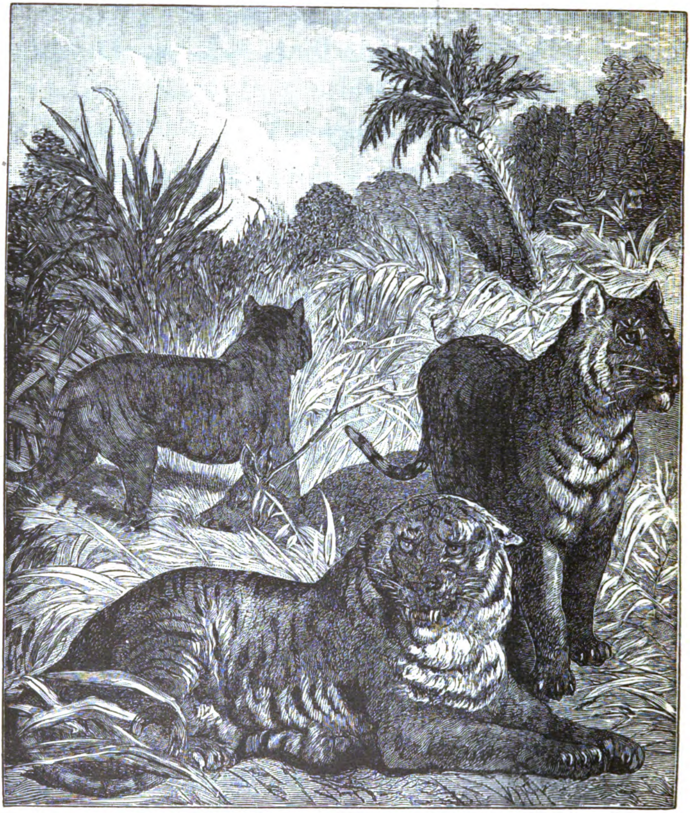
THE TIGER.

The tiger is smaller than the lion. It is a very beautiful animal, both in form and color.

Its coat is of a bright orange color, white underneath, and marked with broad black stripes. Its hair is soft and rich, and every movement of the creature is full of grace.

But it is fierce, and very cunning too. It will lie in wait a long time for its prey, and spring upon it without warning.

There are few animals prettier than tiger cubs.



In India they are sometimes kept as pets, and so long as they are fed upon milk alone they are harmless; but if they once taste blood, they are not to be trusted.

An officer in India was one day sitting in his armchair reading, while his pet tiger cub lay near him. His left arm was hanging down by his side.

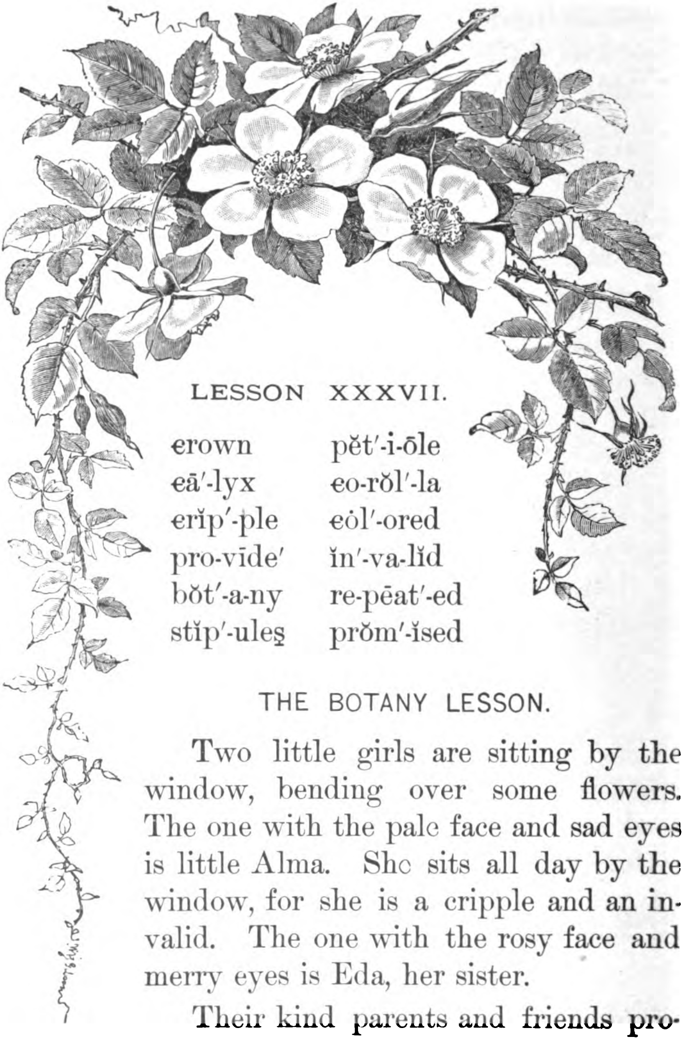
All at once he felt an odd sensation in his hand, and, looking down, he saw that the cub had been licking it until he had drawn blood, and now was sucking the place eagerly, and licking it for more.

What was the gentleman to do? If he drew his hand away, the tiger would spring at him; and it was a large, strong creature now.

Its master had not observed before how fast it had grown. It could hardly be called a cub any longer; it was a young tiger. Carefully keeping his left hand quite still, the gentleman looked around for help.

How glad he was to see his pistol within reach! The tiger was busy with the bleeding hand. The gentleman grasped the pistol, aimed it at the tiger's head, and fired. The creature fell dead, and he was safe.

Write a short description of the tiger, from the picture.



LESSON XXXVII.

ꞓrown
ꞓā′-lyx
ꞓrĭp′-ple
pro-vīde′
bŏt′-a-ny
stĭp′-uleş

pĕt′-i-ōle
ꞓo-rŏl′-la
ꞓȯl′-ored
ĭn′-va-lĭd
re-pēat′-ed
prŏm′-ĭsed

THE BOTANY LESSON.

Two little girls are sitting by the window, bending over some flowers. The one with the pale face and sad eyes is little Alma. She sits all day by the window, for she is a cripple and an invalid. The one with the rosy face and merry eyes is Eda, her sister.

Their kind parents and friends provide Alma with many pleasures; but still she is often lonely and sad. Eda tries to share with her all her own pleasures.

Eda likes to go to school, and she tells Alma every day what she does there, and what she learns. To-day she had a lesson on a plant, and now she is telling Alma about it.

"Alma, the stem of the leaf has another name. It is called the petiole."

"But see, Eda: here are two baby leaves at the end of the—*pet-i-ole*—is that right?"

"Yes, dear. I am glad you showed me these. These small leaves are called stipules. And oh, Alma, I learned something so pretty about the flower to-day! The beautiful colored part of the flower is called the corolla. Corolla means crown; that is, the flower is the crown of the plant. Is not that beautiful?

"Now, look under the corolla, and see if you can find something else for me to name for you."

"Here, Eda, are some little things outside of the corolla; they are green, but they do not look like leaves."

"You are right, dear Alma; they are not leaves. See—I will pull the corolla out. Now, when I hold up this little green part, what does it look like?"

"I think it looks like a cup, Eda."

"That is just what it is. It is the cup to hold the flower—the flower cup. Its name is calyx. Calyx is a word that means cup."

"See here, Eda: in this flower are some small, yellow things that shake about. What are these called?"

But Eda could not remember. She promised to ask her teacher the next day, and tell Alma.

Now the botany lesson was over. Eda put the rest of the flowers, with some fresh water, into Alma's vase, and went out to play.

Alma leaned back her head, and shut her sad eyes. Then softly she repeated to herself: "Corolla, that means crown; calyx, that means cup: a flower has a cup and a crown."

Copy the following sentences, and write words in place of the dashes:

Petiole is the —— of the leaf.
Stipules are small —— at the end of the petiole.
Corolla is the —— part of the flower.
Corolla means ——.
Calyx is the —— that holds the corolla.
Calyx means ——.
A flower has a —— and a ——.

LESSON XXXVIII.

fa̤wn
strāyed
tĭm′-ber
pro-tĕct′
sēiz′-ing
pur-sūit′
ḡāin′-ing
sçĕnt′-ed
shīn′-ing
Or′-e-ḡon
clēar′-ing
brows̤′-ing
brȧnch′-es̤
spärk′-ling
săt′-is-fīed
cū′-ri-oŭs-ly

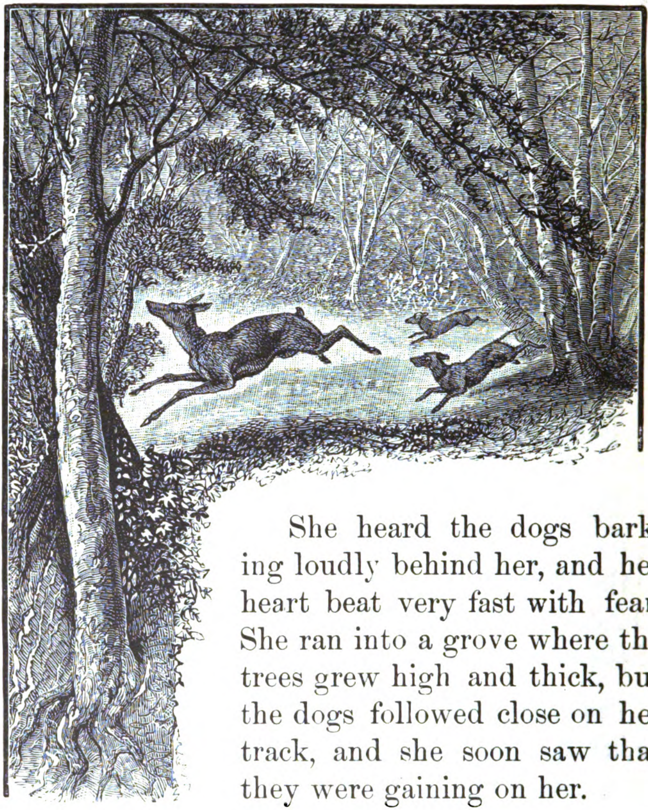
THE HUNTED FAWN.

Once, on a bright summer day, a fawn lay in the edge of one of the large forests in the State of Oregon.

Satisfied with browsing, she lay there at ease. She had no cause for fear. Bright flowers peeped at her from among the roots of the trees; the birds sang in the branches above her; and far up in the blue sky the quiet clouds floated, with their white, shining folds turned out to catch the rays of the sun.

Suddenly the little fawn started to her feet. What did she hear? Something more than the sweet singing of birds. It was the barking of dogs, that had scented her track, and were in pursuit of her.

Off she started, at full speed: and it was well that she could run so swiftly; for soon three fierce dogs, that had strayed from a farm near by, rushed into the clearing.



She heard the dogs barking loudly behind her, and her heart beat very fast with fear. She ran into a grove where the trees grew high and thick, but the dogs followed close on her track, and she soon saw that they were gaining on her.

Now, it happened that Seth Clark was at work cutting timber near his log hut, on the edge of the grove. He heard the barking of the dogs, and, looking up, he saw the beautiful fawn running toward him. The next moment the three dogs came in sight.

Seizing a stout stick, Seth beat them off. As soon as they were out of sight, he turned, and saw the fawn standing by the timber, her dark eyes sparkling, and her neck outstretched as if to make sure that her enemies were gone.

The fawn seemed to know that Seth was her friend, and that, but for him, she would have been torn in pieces. She let him come up to her and pat her head, and then watched him curiously as he brought water to her in a pail. She took both water and food from his hands, and did not seem to be at all afraid.

See what kindness will do even for a wild animal! For the rest of the day the fawn stayed with her new friend, and seemed happy to be near him. But the next morning she was gone. Perhaps she went to seek her brothers and sisters in the woods.

Some one asked Seth Clark why he did not shoot her. "What!" cried he, "shoot a poor dumb animal that had run to me for help? No; I would rather have gone without my dinner for a week than have harmed that poor little fawn, after she had asked me by her looks to protect her."

Write words meaning the opposite of the words in the following list:

wild
young
bright
enemy
shy
fast
little
fierce

Write three sentences, each one containing at least one word chosen from among the words you have written.

LESSON XXXIX.

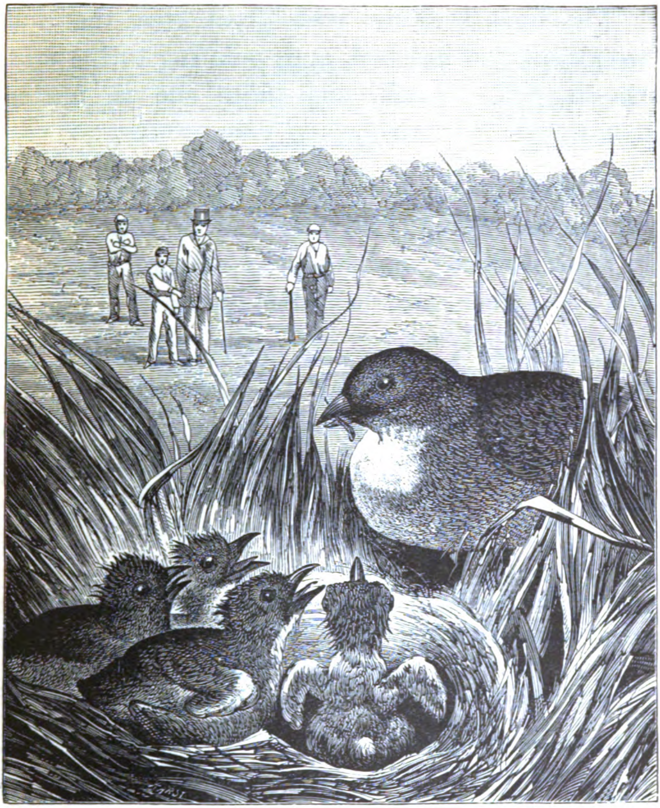
guärd
dāi′-ly
a-greed′
thro̤ugh
môr′-sel
hătched
fûr′-ther
chânçed
spăr′-row
in-quīr′-y
no͞on′-dāy
es-pĕ′-cial
skĭll′-fu̩l
trŭst′-ed
tō′-ward (tō′-ẽrd)
busi′-ness (bĭz′-nes)

THE SPARROW IN THE BALL GROUND.

One day I chanced to pass through a small village just as the boys of the school were playing their noonday game of ball.

I watched them with pleasure, for they were very skillful at their game. Soon I heard loud shouts of "Look out! Take care! Mind where you're going!" whenever a boy went near a certain spot which was within a few yards of one of the bases.

I asked one of the party what these cries meant. His answer was, "Oh, that is our sparrow, sir!" On further inquiry, I found that, some days before, the boys had discovered a ground sparrow's nest in the grass close to their ball ground.



One of the boys had suggested that the school should take the bird and her nest under their especial care. The plan was agreed to at once, and it had become their daily business to see that all was right with the sparrow, and to guard her nest during the game.

The boys told me, with great glee, that four birds were just hatched, and, pointing to the spot, one shouted, "Look, sir—there she is, feeding them now!" It was indeed true.

In spite of the noisy game, the crowd of boys, and the ball flying close overhead or rolling near, the mother bird was hopping toward her nest with some morsel for her little ones.

Afterward I again saw her going to and from the nest without showing the least sign of fear. It was plain she understood the good will of the boys, and trusted it for herself and her young ones.

Copy the sentences below, and in place of the dashes write words chosen from the following list:

crowd flock herd swarm

I saw a —— of boys.
The man was driving a —— of cattle.
A —— of bees left the hive.
A —— of birds flew over the cornfield.

Write two sentences of your own containing words chosen from the list.

LESSON XL.

flow'-erş
ob-şẽrved'
creep'-ing
lēave
griēve
çēas'-ing
wrĭn̲'-kle
prŏm'-ĭse
in-crēas'-ing

A LITTLE GIRL'S FANCIES.

O little flowers, you love me so,
  You could not do without me!
O little birds, that come and go,
  You sing sweet songs about me!
O little moss, observed by few,
  That round the tree is creeping,
You like my head to rest on you
  When I am idly sleeping!

O pretty things, you love me so,
  I see I must not leave you;
You'd find it very dull, I know—
  I should not like to grieve you.
Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss!
  My flowers, you need not shiver!
My little birds, don't look so cross!
  Don't talk so loud, my river!

And I will make a promise, dears,
  That will content you, maybe:
I'll love you through the happy years,
  Till I'm a nice old lady!

True love, like yours and mine, they say,
  Can never think of ceasing,
But, year by year and day by day,
  Keeps steadily increasing.

Commit this poem to memory.

LESSON XLI.

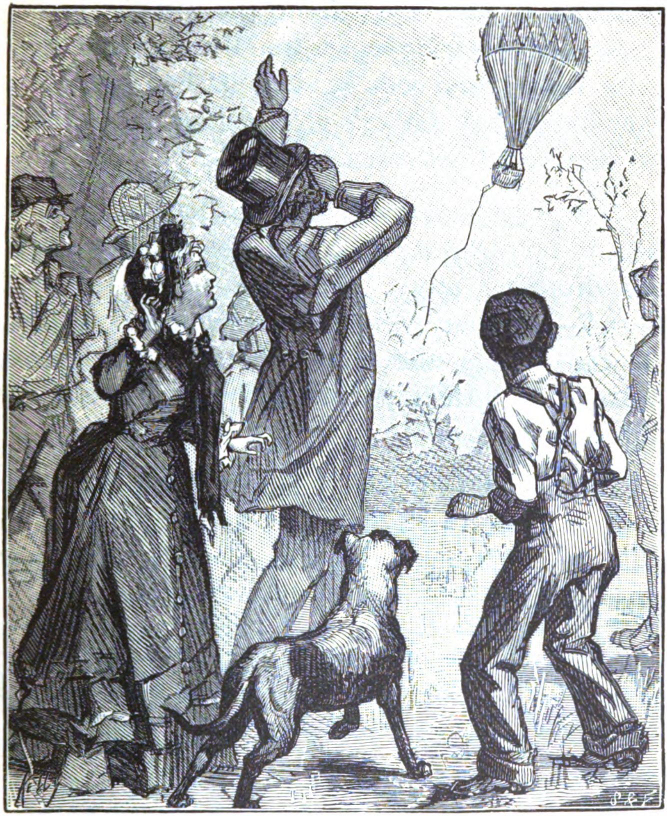
bēasts
c̶ōaxed
ēaş'-i-ly
āc̶h'-ing
bal-lo͞on'
tĭm'-id-ly
c̶răck'-erş
griēv'-ing
be-yŏnd'
rĭb'-bon
bŏt'-tom
sĕv'-er-al
c̶ăr'-ry-ing
ăn'-swered
shĭv'-er-ing
c̶ȯm'-fort-ed

LOST IN A BALLOON.

PART I.

Fanny and Harry and little May all went with their papa to see the balloon. At first they felt afraid of it; but after they had seen several persons get into the pretty basket car and ride high up above the houses, and had seen them drawn safely down again by the rope which held the balloon, they were no longer afraid, but wished to have a ride too.

Their father helped them into the basket: first Fanny, who was nine years old; then Harry, who was six; and last, little May, who was not quite sure that she was not afraid.



The balloon rose slowly the whole length of the rope; then, suddenly, the rope broke from the windlass to which it was fastened, and slipped out of the man's hands. Up flew the balloon, carrying the children beyond all reach of help.

A great cry arose from the people below. Fanny and Harry peeped timidly over the edge of the basket, and soon knew what had happened. They heard their father's voice calling up to them, but they could not catch his words.

How strange it was! The balloon seemed to them to be standing still, and below it the world was dropping away from them—down! down! down!—and everything grew smaller and smaller, till the people, the trees, and even the houses, looked like little toys, and the river like a silver ribbon.

Dizzy and sick, the children crept down to the bottom of the basket, and kept tight hold of little May. The car tipped so easily, that they were afraid they should all be spilled out.

They hugged each other close, and cried bitterly. Little May kept all the time sobbing: "I wants my mamma!—I's hungry!—I wants my mamma!"

When they sat still, they could see nothing but the sun and the clouds; but when they looked down, they could see that they were moving over the country very fast indeed.

After a while it grew cold; the sun went down, and the stars came out.

The children had stopped crying now, and Fanny remembered that she had some crackers in her pocket, which they ate.

Little May whispered, "Do you think we are near to heaven now?"

"No," answered Harry; "but it's so cold, I should not wonder if we were near the moon!" Then Harry laughed, and began to sing,

"Up in a balloon, boys,
Sailing round the moon."

"Oh, don't!" said Fanny; "the angels might hear you, and they would not like it. Let us sing,

"'From the far blue heaven.'"

After the children had sung this song, they felt happier. Little May wished she could gather some stars, to take home to mamma; but Harry began to doubt if they should ever get home again, and May began to cry once more.

Then good, wise little Fanny comforted them, and said: "Perhaps the balloon will set in the morning, as the moon does, and then we will go to a house and beg for some breakfast, and ask the way home."

Then she coaxed them to say their prayers and go to sleep. She wrapped her dress around poor, shivering May, and Harry took off his jacket and wrapped it around her little aching knees; then he crept close to Fanny and laid his head on her lap, and soon he and May were fast asleep.

But Fanny could not sleep; she was cold, and her head ached. She sat, crying softly to herself, thinking of her dear mother and father grieving for their lost children—thinking of all the stories she had ever heard of lost children, but never so strange a one as this.

Lost in the sky!—worse than being lost in the woods, or at sea. To be sure, there were no fishes to devour them, nor wild beasts to tear them to pieces; but how could they ever get down? *Would* the balloon set? or would they really sail right up to heaven's gate?

At last she made a little prayer in her heart, asking God to take care of them, and then she, too, fell asleep.

Copy the following sentences, and write words in place of the dashes:

I want my mamma. May —— her mamma.
I am hungry. May —— hungry.
I am crying. May —— crying.
I see a star. Harry —— a star.
I sing a song. Fanny —— a song.

LESSON XLII.

shĭv′-er
çĕn′-ter
răp′-id-ly
crouched
drĕad′-fụl

ap-pēared′
tĕl′-e-grăm
trĕm′-bling
ēa′-ḡer-ness
dămp′-ened

a-wāk′-ened
frīght′-ened
dān′-ġer-oŭs
fôr′-tu-nate-ly
im-mē′-di-ate-ly

LOST IN A BALLOON.

PART II.

The next morning, when Fanny awoke, she could not at first tell where she was; then, with a start, she remembered it all. The sun was shining into her face, and upon the great, dark ball of the balloon above her. Harry and May were still asleep.

Very carefully Fanny crept to the edge of the car, to see if they were near to the ground yet; but she shrank back with a little shiver of fright. She could not see the world at all. Then she looked again—looked a long time. "It's like a cloud. Yes, it must be a cloud. We are above the clouds. O mamma! mamma!" sobbed the little girl.

As she lay back thinking, she noticed a small rope hanging down from the center of the balloon. All at once Fanny seemed to remember something. Getting up quickly, she caught hold of the rope and pulled it.

The next moment a dreadful thing happened: a fog arose, so thick that she could not see the sun—she could not even see the balloon over her head. The frightened child crouched down, trembling with fear. What had happened? Fanny could not think; but it was this:

When Fanny pulled the rope, she opened a little hole in the top of the balloon, which let out some of the gas, and the balloon had immediately fallen into the cloud that Fanny had seen below her. A few minutes after, Fanny saw the cloud again, but this time above her, its soft folds shining bright and white, as if it were made of down.

The balloon had passed very quickly through the cloud, which at the time appeared to Fanny to be a fine, cold mist, that dampened her clothes and made her chilly. Fanny now looked again over the edge of the car, and almost shouted as she saw the green world below.

She gave another little pull at the rope, and looked again. It seemed to her that the world was running up to meet them very fast indeed. The balloon was really falling to the earth, but it appeared to Fanny as if it were standing still and the earth were rising to meet it.

Perhaps you have noticed something like this when riding in a steam car; the car seems to be standing still, and all the trees and fences appear to be running rapidly the other way.

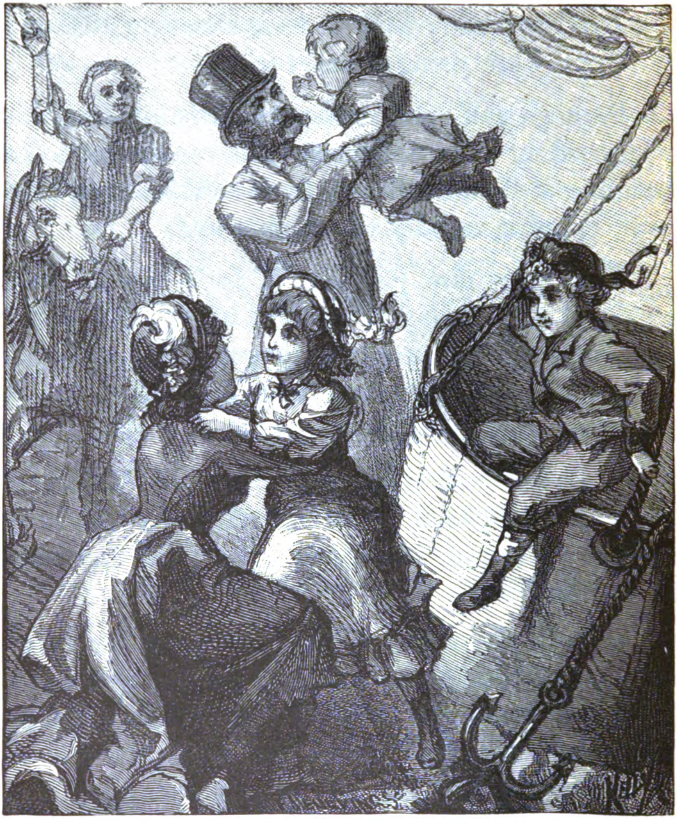
They were now just over a little town. Fanny could hear many noises coming up, and could see many people running about. She thought they saw the balloon, and began to hope that at last the dangerous journey was at an end.

She awakened Harry and May, and told them what had happened. She had hard work to keep them from tipping the car over, in their eagerness to see the people.

Everybody in the village had been for hours on the lookout for this balloon; for Fanny's father had sent telegrams all over the country, asking the people to help him find his lost children.

And, better still, the children's father and mother had received a telegram telling them that the balloon had been seen near this place; and they had taken a passing train, and were there to meet their dear children.

Down, down came the balloon. All the people were looking up with tearful eyes, and hold-



ing their breath for fear the children should yet be dashed to pieces. Fortunately, the balloon passed over the house tops, and came slowly down in a field near by.

Oh, the joy of that meeting! How the people shouted, and rang the bells, and fired the cannon, in their delight at the children's safety!

Choose syllables from those below, add them to the words below, and make as many other words as you can.

Write three sentences, each containing one of the new words which you have made.

un
ish
ness

like
self
kind

LESSON XLIII.

nă'-tĭveş
hŭr'-ried
sc̶âr'çe'-ly
tŭm'-bled

tĕr'-ri-ble
squĩr'-relş
shout'-ing
quạn'-ti-ty

trăv'-el-ing
thou'-şandş
sc̶rēam'-ing
chăt'-ter-ing

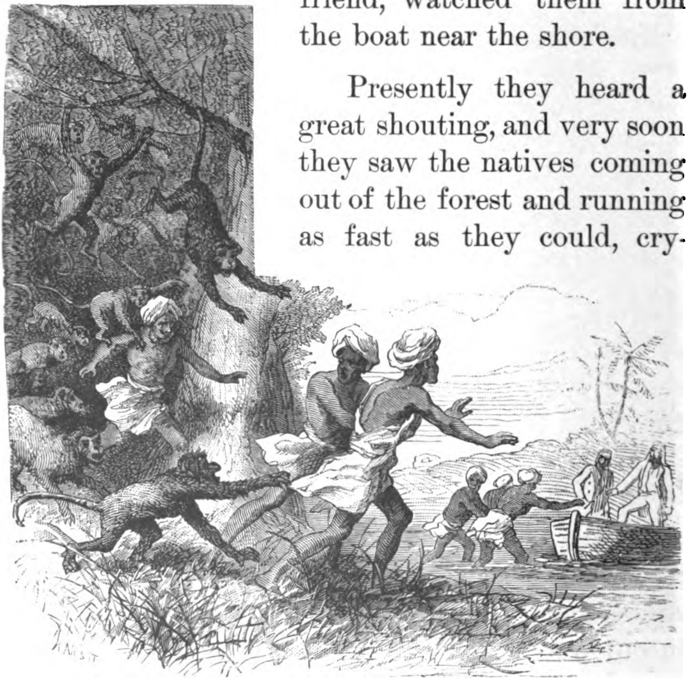
MONKEYS.

A gentleman was once traveling in India with a party of natives. In that country, monkeys are as common in the woods as birds or squirrels are in our woods.

It so happened that one of the men saw a monkey with a baby monkey in her arms. He wanted to carry the little one away with him; so he raised his gun and fired at the mother. He hurt her, but did not kill her. Wounded and bleeding, she ran into the wood, carrying her baby with her.

The men rushed in after her, hoping to get the little monkey; and the gentleman, with a friend, watched them from the boat near the shore.

Presently they heard a great shouting, and very soon they saw the natives coming out of the forest and running as fast as they could, crying "Ling, ling, ling!" which meant "Monkeys, monkeys, monkeys!"



"What is it?" said the gentleman to his friend. "Are they after the monkeys?"

"Oh, no!" replied he; "the monkeys are after *them!*"

Just then the gentleman saw hundreds upon hundreds of monkeys come pouring out of the woods, all screaming and chattering as loud as they could. The poor wounded mother had found some way of telling her friends what had happened, and so great troops of them had hurried out to drive the men away.

When the men saw them coming, they turned quickly and ran for their lives. The monkeys were so angry, and there were so many of them, that, if they had caught the men, they would have killed them.

The tide was out, and between the men and the boat was a quantity of soft mud. Into this the men rushed, sinking up to their knees at every step, with the monkeys close behind them.

Scarcely were they in the boat and out in the bay, before thousands of the little creatures stood at the water's edge, still screaming and chattering in a most terrible manner. The men were pale with fright, and, I think, never wanted to trouble a monkey again.

Copy the last paragraph. Pick out all the words in it having the long *sounds of the vowels, and write them in columns.*

LESSON XLIV.

HOW TO READ.

VII.

When the thing which you read is something that everybody knows quite well—a thing about which nobody has any doubt; a thing about which you do not think it necessary to speak very positively in order to convince others—then you should read it without letting the voice either rise′ or fall‵. You should simply hold your voice on the same level as in the rest of the sentence. The voice is then said to be *suspended.*

When we wish to mark a place in which the voice should be suspended, we mark it thus (¯).

If, on a fine winter morning, the question were asked, "Is it very *cold′* out?" one who suffered from the cold might answer earnestly with the falling slide, "*Yes*‵, it is *very*‵ cold!" But if a hardy boy, who enjoys the sports of winter, were asked the same question, "Is it very cold′ out?" *he* would answer, with the voice *suspended,* "Oh, no¯! only just cold enough to be *pleasant*¯ for *coasting*¯ and *skating*¯."

Read the ninth verse of the ninth chapter of John, about the man who was born blind, and whose sight was restored to him, and take notice how the different *slides* of the voice represent the different feelings of the people speaking. Read first the eighth verse:

8th. "The neighbors, therefore, and they which before had seen him that he was blind, said, Is not this he′ that sat and begged?"

9th. "Some said¯, This is he¯: others said¯, He is likeˇ him: but heˋ said, I amˋ he." The first people who spoke were his neighbors, who saw him every day; and they felt so certain that everybody must know it was he, that they did not try to convince anybody, and therefore did not use the *downward slide.* Neither did they think there was any doubt about it, nor any need to inquire, so they did not use the *upward slide.* They said simply, with the voice suspended, "Why, of course¯—certainly¯, 'This is he¯.'"

The second speakers were not so well acquainted with him, and did not feel quite so sure about it; and so they expressed the doubt they felt by using the *double* upward slide (ˇ), and said, "He is likeˇ him."

But the man himself was certain about it, and wanted to convince the others; so he said, positively, "I amˋ he," using the straight downward slide.

Copy the following stanza, and put in very carefully ALL *the marks of emphasis:*

"He prayeth *well* who *lovˋeth* well
Both *manˉ* and *birdˉ* and *beastˋ*;
He prayeth *best* who *lovˋeth* best
Allˋ things, both great′ and smallˋ.
For the *d-e-a-r* GODˋ who *loveth usˋ*,
HEˋ *made* and *loveth* ALLˋ.

Commit this stanza to memory.

LESSON XLV.

băt′-tle
rēa′-şon
märked
stō′-rieş

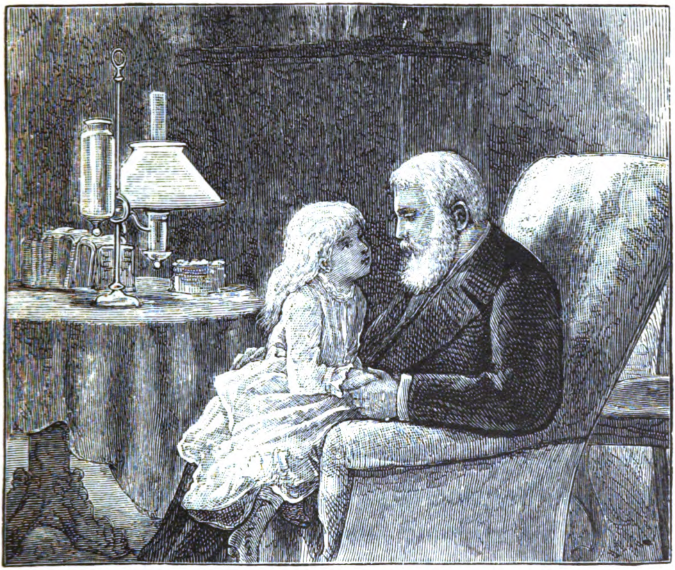
Tūeş′-day
kĭng′-dom
re-pēat′-ed
hôrse′-sho̤e

dĭf′-fer-ençe
be-ḡĭn′-ning
neg-lĕct′-ing
dĭs-a-gree′-a-ble

WHAT IS THE REASON?

"Papa," said Katy, sitting on her father's knee, "what is the *reaˋson* that some days are so *luck′y* and other days are so *unˋlucky?* *To-day began* all *wrongˉ*, and *everything that has happened* to-day has been *wrongˉ*; while on other days I *begin right′*, and *all* goes *right all dayˋ*.

"If Aunt *Annaˉ* had not *kept* me in the *morningˉ*, I should not have been *markedˋ* at *schoolˋ*, and *then* I should not have been *crossˋ*, and I should not have had so many disagreeˋable things the *restˋ* of the time."



"But what did Aunt Anna keep you *for*ˋ, child?"

"To sew on the string of my hatˋ, papa."

"How did it happen to be *off*ˋ?"

"Wellˉ," said Katy, slowly, "that, I suppose, was *my*ˋ fault; for it came offˊ *Tuesday*ˉ, and I didn't fasten it onˋ."

"So, you see, we must *go back*ˋ of Aunt Anna for the *beginning*ˉ of this unlucky day of yours. Did you ever hear the old saying, 'For the *want* of a *nail*ˊ, the *shoe*ˊ *was lost*ˊ'?"

"*Tell*` me," cried Katy, who liked stories very much. So her father repeated:

"For the want of a nail´, the *shoe*` was lost;
For the want of a shoeˉ, the *horse*` was lost;
For the want of a horseˉ, the RIDER` was lost;
For the want of the riderˉ, the BATTLE` was lost;
For the want of the battleˉ, the *KINGDOM*` was lost—
And *all* for the *want* of a *horseshoe nail*`."

"*O papa*`*!*" cried the little girl, "I see` *what you mean*`. Who would have *thought* that such a *little* thing as not sewing on my string at the right time could make a *difference* for a *whole day*`*?* Whenever I feel like *neglecting little* things, I will say, 'For the want of a nail´, the SHOE` was *lost.*'"

Copy and commit to memory the rhyme in this lesson.

◆

LESSON XLVI.

văn′-i-ty
dōle′-fụl
păs′-sion
chăr′-i-ty
mŭs′-çleş
dĭm′-pleş
fēa′-tureş
pĭnch′-ing
c̶hăr′-ac̶-ter
in-dŭlġ′-ing
your-sĕlveş′ (ûr-)
ex-prĕs′-sion
dĭs-c̶on-tĕnt′
dis-săt′-is-fied
In′-dia rŭb′-ber

THE LITTLE STRINGS.

Have you ever seen an *India-rubber*` *face,* children? And have you ever amused yourselves with *pinching* it *one*ˉ way and *pulling* it *another*ˉ, to see what *different*ˊ *expressions*ˊ it would put on? When you *cease* pulling and pinching, it returns to the *same* face it was *before*ˋ.

Now, *your*ˋ faces are *softer*ˋ than India rubber, and are full of little strings, called *muscles*ˋ; and these little muscles pull your faces *one* way, and pull them *another*, just as your *feelings*ˋ tell them to do.

Sometimes you feel *sorry*ˉ, and the little muscles pull your faces into a very *doleful*ˋ expression; and we know, by *looking*ˋ at you, *just-how-you-feel*ˋ. Again, you feel *pleased or merry*ˋ, and then the little muscles make your faces all *smiles*ˉ-and-*dimples*ˋ.

But often there are *wicked*ˋ passions at work at these strings. Angerˋ pulls, and oh, what a *disagreeable*ˋ look the face puts on in a minute!

Prideˋ pulls the strings, or vanityˋ, or envyˋ, or discontentˋ, and each brings its *own*ˋ expression over the face. The worst of it is, when these passions pull very oftenˉ, the face does-*not-return*ˋ to what-it-*was*ˊ before, but the muscles *harden*, and the face *retains*ˋ that *ugly* look.

By *indulging* in *evil* passions, people may work their faces up into such *a-w*-ful faces, that sometimes, when you meet a man in the street, you can tell, just by *looking* at his face, that he is a wicked man.

A face, which was very *lovely* when it was that of a *child*′, may have had the passion of *anger* pulling at it so often′, that it always wears a crossˋ, sullenˋ, dissatisfiedˋ look.

Or, if a man has learned to love moneyˋ for its *own*ˋ sake, and to hoard it up, his face gets a meanˋ, selfishˋ look; and we say, when we pass him, "There goes a *miser*ˋ." Or, if he has learned to *lie* and *steal*, he can not make his face look like the face of a *truthful*ˋ, *honest*ˋ man.

Now, dear children, if you want to have *pleasant*′ faces, which everybody will *love* to *look at*ˉ, be careful not to let the *ugly*ˋ passions get hold of the strings. Put them into the hands of *love*ˋ, and *charity*ˋ, and *good will*ˋ, and truthˋ, and honestyˋ, and *then*ˉ they will be *beautiful*ˋ faces, and *sweeter*ˋ to look at than the most *perfect* features that were ever formed, if they have had the ugly passions pulling at them.

Write the names of the feelings you would like to have your face show;—of the feelings you would not *like to have your face show.*

LESSON XLVII.

knŏcked
bụtch′-er
drēamed
dĭg′-ni-ty
whĕth′-er

pō′-em
tŭs′-sle
clō′-ver
kĕn′-nel
rōgu′-ish

drĕad′-fụl
frīght′-fụl
trăm′-pled
dis-ôr′-der
de-līght′-ed

A DIALOGUE.

Lucy, John, and Fanny are standing in a group, talking. Enter roguish little Belle, with her dress torn, her apron soiled, her hair in disorder, and her face covered with traces of tears. She has a torn book in her hand.

Lucy—O Belle, just look at your new dress—it is all torn!

Fanny—And your clean apron! What *have* you on it? And your book is all in pieces!

John—You'll catch it!

Belle (half crying)—I don't care if I do! I couldn't help it. I was only playing with Carlo, and he knocked me over, right into the mud; and then he trampled on me with his muddy paws; and then he ran away with my book, and tore it. I wish I were a big dog, and I'd pay him for it!

Lucy—What would you do to him, Belle?

Belle—I'd—I'd bark at him, and I'd—I'd bark—

John—Whew! what a fierce dog you would be!—wouldn't you, Belle?

Fanny (*laughing*)—I'm afraid you wouldn't make anything but a little curly-haired puppy; and then you'd get the worst of it in a tussle with Carlo.

John—I'm sure your bark would be worse than your bite.

Belle (*half laughing*)—I guess you'd find out whether it would or not! Wouldn't I worry your heels, though!—and gnaw holes in your playthings!—and tear up your books!

John—Ah, yes! But, you see, I'd whisper something to the dog man; and then, some fine morning when the family were all asleep, he would drive up, take you out of the kennel, put you into his wagon, and away you'd go to the dog pound, and that would be the last of *that* dog!

Fanny—That reminds me of a poem I learned the other day, about a little girl who wished she were the lamb that followed Mary to school. Let me see (*putting her hand to her head*), how does that poem run? Oh, yes! this is it. She says:

"That lamb had easy times, indeed;
And all the lambs do, as for that:
They never have to write and read,
Or learn their notes with sharp and flat;
They don't wear out their frocks and shoes,
And needn't mind their p's and q's.

"Out in the pleasant meadow lot
They nibble clover heads all day,
Or lie down in a shady spot
To sleep when they are tired of play.
Nobody says to them, 'My dear,
What dirty face and hands are here!'"

Belle—That little girl was just right! I wish I didn't have to wear nice dresses, and could play in the meadow lot all day. I think I should like to be a lamb.

Fanny—Take care, Belle! Wait until you hear what happened to that little girl before you turn into a lamb. One day she fell asleep in her chair, and dreamed that she was a snow-white lamb, running about in a clover field. She was greatly delighted, and skipped about, and said to herself, "Ah, but isn't this nice!"

Then she tried to clap her hands, and shout; but, you see, she was only a lamb, and could not.

She could only frisk and jump, and bleat, "Ba-a! ba-a!" Then suddenly she saw, coming across the meadow, the butcher man, and he was running toward her to catch her.

She tried to scream, and she tried to run, but she was so frightened she could not move. On came the frightful butcher man, and, just as he caught her, she gave a sudden jump and scream. The jump waked her up, and the scream frightened her mother, who came running to see what was the matter. Then the poem goes on:

"She sat bolt upright in her chair;
She stared around in wild surprise,
And pulled her curling yellow hair,
And rubbed her sleepy, wondering eyes.
'O dear!' she cried, 'how glad I am
That I am really not a lamb!'

"'A lamb!'—her mother laughed outright
At such a very queer excuse;
'If that's the reason of your fright,
I think you are a little goose!'
'You wouldn't,' sobbed poor silly Nan,
'If you had seen that butcher man!'"

John—Ha! ha! ha! What do you think of that, Belle?

Belle—I think it would be very nice to play in the clover fields. I wish I could be a little girl and a lamb too! Mamma calls me her lamb sometimes.

Lucy—That's a good idea, Belle!—But, Fanny, we must go to school.—Good-by, Belle! I'll tell you what to do: Run to mother and tell her all about it, and ask her to take you into the country to-day and let you play in the fields, just as if you were a lamb. Only, she must be sure to bring you safe home to-night, for fear, you know, of that dreadful butcher man! Good-by, dear!

Fanny and John—Good-by, Belle!

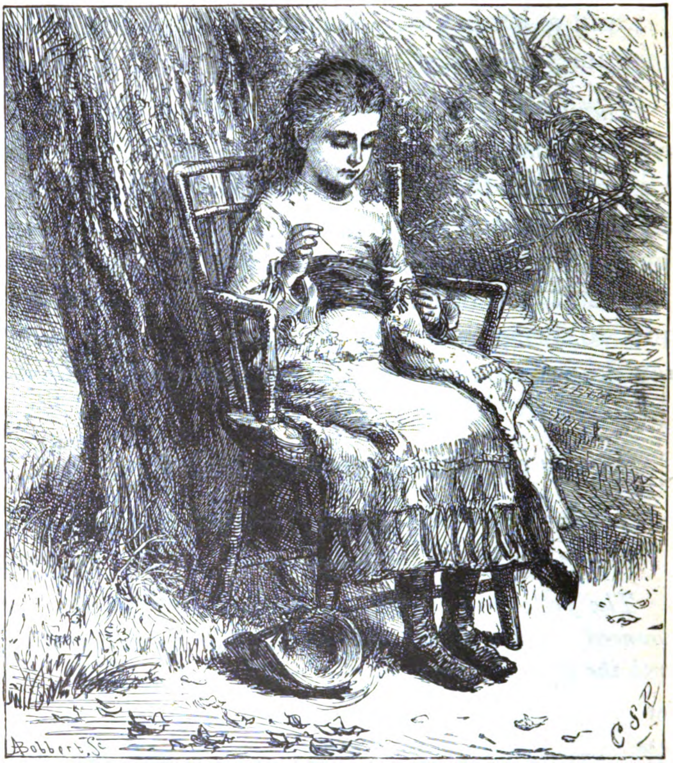
Little Belle (*with dignity*)—Good morning, all!

The following words and phrases are often mispronounced. Copy them, and mark their pronunciation with the diacritical marks:

for
was
just
often
catch
apron
recess
rather
because
didn't you
haven't you
wouldn't you

LESSON XLVIII.

sew′-ing
ne̱ighed
wạtched
pĭl′-low
fōld′-ed
de-light′
vī′-o-lĕts
ȼū′-ri-oŭs
fä′-vor-ĭte
ȼûrt′-sied
smo͞othed
fŏx′-glȯve



"GOOD NIGHT!" AND "GOOD MORNING!"

A f-a-i-r little *girl*ˋ sat under a t-r-e-e,
*Sewing*ˋ as *long* as her eyes could seeˋ;
Then *s-m-o-o-thed* her work and *folded* it right,
And saidˉ, "D-e-a-r workˉ, good *night*ˋ*!* good *night*ˋ*!*"

Such a *number* of *rooks*ˋ came over her head,
Crying “Cawˋ! cawˋ!” on their way to bed;
She saidˉ, as she watched their *curious* flight,
“Little black thingsˉ, good *night*ˋ *!* good *night*ˋ *!*”

The *horses* neighed, and the *oxen* lowed;
The *sheep's* “*Bleat! bleat*ˉ *!*” came over the road—
All seeming to sayˉ, with a quiet *delight*ˊ,
“*Good* little *girl*ˊ, good *night*ˋ *!* good *night*ˋ *!*”

She did not say to the *sun*ˊ, “Good nightˊ!”
Though she *saw*ˊ him there, like a *ball* of *light*ˉ*;*
For she knew *h-e* had *God's*ˋ own *time* to keep
A-ll over the w-o-r-l-d, and *never* could *sleep*ˋ.

The tall, pink *fox*ˋ*glove bowed*ˋ his head;
The *vi*ˋ*olets curt*ˋ*sied*, and went to *bed*ˋ*;*
And *good* little *Lucy* tied up her *hair*ˉ,
And said, on her knees, her favorite *prayer*ˋ.

And while on her pillow she softly layˉ,
She knew *nothing more* till again it was *day*ˋ*;*
And a-ll things said to the b-e-a-u-tiful sun,
“Good *morn*ˋing! good *morn*ˋing! our *work*ˋ is begunˋ!”

Copy the first and last stanzas of this poem, and carefully put in all the marks of emphasis.

LESSON XLIX.

dĭf′-fi-ꞓult
a-wa̤rd′-ed
châir′-man
su-pē′-ri-or
prīz′-eş
re-plīed′
stŭd′-ieş
bĕn′-e-fit
re-şŏlve′
tĕm′-pleş
un-mĭxed′
blŭsh′-ing
suc-çeed′-ed
ꞓom-mĭt′-tee
ꞓom-pâr′-ing
im-prĕs′-sion

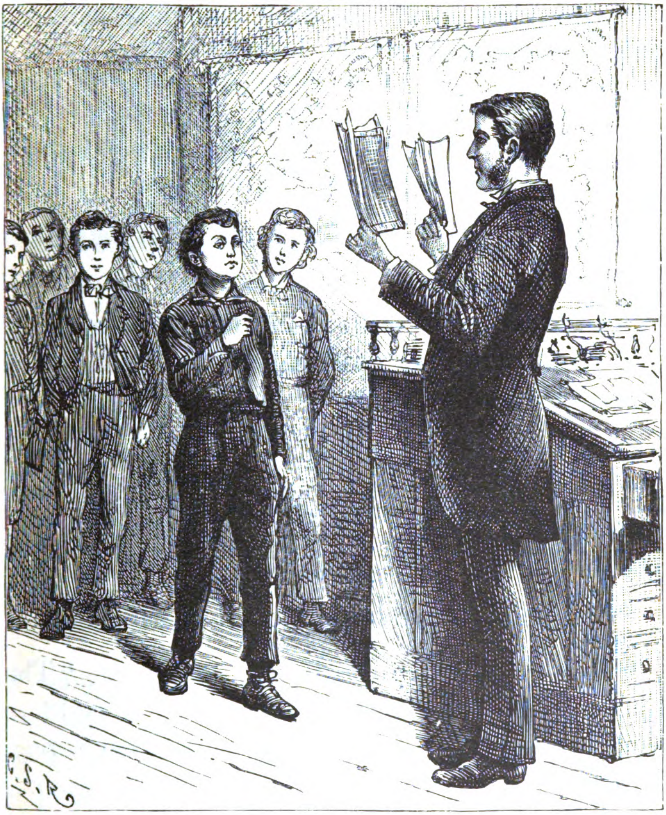
THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT BE A SILENT LIAR.

Frank Chase was a boy who had never had much chance to go to school; hence he was behind the other boys in all his studies, except writing. Frank was ready with his pen.

There were prizes given in Frank's school, and he was anxious to merit one of them. As he had no hope of excelling in anything but writing, he made up his mind to try for the writing prize with all his might. He tried so hard, and succeeded so well, that his copy book would have done honor to a boy of twice his age.

When the prizes were awarded, the chairman of the committee held up two copy books, and said:

"It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other, were it not for one copy in Frank's, which is not only superior to Henry's, but to every other copy in the same book."



Frank's heart beat high with hope, which was not unmixed with fear. Blushing to his temples, he said, "Please, sir, may I see that copy?"

"Certainly," replied the chairman, looking somewhat surprised.

Frank glanced at the copy, and then, handing back the book, said:

"Please, sir, that is not my writing. It was written by an upper-class boy, who took my book instead of his own, one day, by mistake."

"Oh, ho!" said the chairman, "that may alter the case."

The two books went back to the committee, who, after comparing them carefully, awarded the prize to Henry.

Frank was disappointed. The boys laughed at him. Said one very rude boy: "You were a greenhorn to say anything about that mistake!"

"*I* wouldn't have told!" cried another boy.

"Nor I," added a third boy, laughing. "The copy was in your book, and you had a right to enjoy the benefit of it. I tell you, it doesn't pay, Frank, to be so good as that."

But, in spite of all they said, Frank felt that he was right. "It would not have been the truth," he replied, "if I had not told them who wrote the copy. I would rather never have a prize, than get it by claiming the work of some one else."

"Hurrah for Frank!" "Three cheers for Frank!" shouted most of the boys; and Frank went home to his work feeling happier than he could have done if, by means of a *silent lie*, he had won the prize.

You see that, if Frank had kept quiet, he would have told a silent lie. His silence would have given the committee a wrong impression, and he would have cheated Henry out of the prize. Now that you know what a *silent lie* is, I hope you will resolve never to be guilty of silent lying. Hold fast the truth!

Copy the last paragraph.

LESSON L.

sĭl′-ver-y
căt′-kinş
wĭl′-lowş
ŏp′-po-şĭte

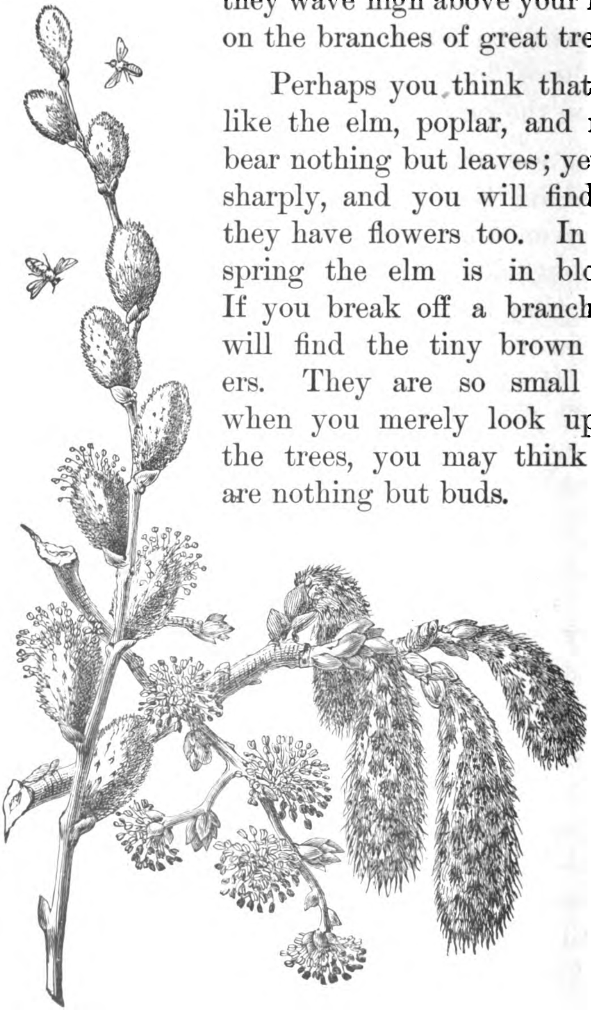
tăs′-selş
strāight
pĕlt′-ing
fī′-nal-ly

blŏs′-somş
ŏb′-sti-nate
trēat′-ment
trans-fôrmed′

APRIL FLOWERS.

Watch for the April flowers, children. All you have to do is to look, as you go to school, and you will find them. But you must look up, not down, for the flowers which I mean. They are not little blossoms on the ground at your feet, but they wave high above your heads, on the branches of great trees.

Perhaps you think that trees like the elm, poplar, and maple bear nothing but leaves; yet look sharply, and you will find that they have flowers too. In early spring the elm is in blossom. If you break off a branch, you will find the tiny brown flowers. They are so small that, when you merely look up into the trees, you may think they are nothing but buds.



In April the willows and poplars are also in bloom. Those soft, silvery catkins, which the children call pussies, are the blossoms. On the willow these stand erect, but on the poplar they become long and drooping.

A little later, and the maple waves a cloud of crimson blossoms against the sunny sky, the oak hangs out as many graceful tassels as the poplar, and every cherry, and peach, and apple tree is turned into a huge bouquet.

I remember seeing once a cherry tree burst into bloom in a rain storm. It was a pretty tree, just opposite my window. Its buds grew white very early in the spring, and I thought that mine would be the first cherry blossoms of the season.

But something was the matter; either the tree was obstinate, or the wind blew too cold, or the sunshine was not warm enough: the little buds would not come out. The soft, warm showers came and coaxed them, but they would not come.

One afternoon, as I stood looking at the tree, a thundershower came up—first a few large, round drops, then more; finally they came down thick and fast, pelting everything within their reach.

One would hit a bud; it would nod, and then, slowly, its little white petals would unfold, and it would look up as if surprised, and as if it did not quite understand such rude treatment.

But the drops did not care; they pelted away, and, before half an hour had passed, they had opened every one of those buds. And, when the storm was over, the last rays of the setting sun fell upon the tree, covered with beautiful white blossoms—the loveliest tree in the garden.

Write the names of all the trees which you know, and where they grow.

LESSON LI.

hāte′-fụl
ex-çīt′-ed
piērç′-ing
där′-lingş
ŭt′-ter-ing

fī′-er-y
rōgueş
tȯngue
i̊n-stĕad′
pĭt′-i-fụl

strănġe′-ly
wo̤und′-ed
be-hāv′-ing
at-trăet′-ed
eū-ri-ŏs′-i-ty

THE ROBIN AND THE SNAKE.

One summer morning Mark Ridley and his sister Minnie were crossing a field that lay between their house and an old apple orchard, and, just as they came near a clump of young trees, their attention was attracted by a bird, which seemed to be behaving very strangely.

When they first noticed her, she was fluttering about among the low branches of the bushes, uttering the most piercing cries.

For a moment Mark thought that she was wounded. But the instant she saw the children she flew straight toward them, uttering the same piercing cries, as if angry. Round and round their heads she flew, and then darted off to an old apple tree near by.

Three times she came near them with the same sharp cries, and then flew back again to the tree, till at last they thought some one had robbed her nest, and that she took them for the rogues.

The third time she flew so near to Mark, and made such a strange and pitiful noise, that his curiosity was excited to see what was the matter with the bird, and he followed her to the apple tree, from which and to which she had flown so many times; and, instead of an empty nest, what do you suppose he saw?

A great, ugly snake, a house adder, had crawled up the tree, and was running his fiery tongue out just over the little birds in the nest. Mark ran to the fence for a long pole, and quickly killed the adder.

As Mark and Minnie went on into the orchard, the old robin came again and flew round and round their heads, and her notes were sweet and happy now. It seemed as if she could not thank and praise them enough for killing her hateful foe, and saving her little darlings from such a dreadful death.

Copy the following sentences. Write also a sentence of your own, having in it one of these three words of motion: fluttering, waving, floating.

The bird was fluttering among the branches.
The leaf fluttered to the ground.
The flag was waving in the wind.
The trees waved their branches above me.
The feather floated in the air.

LESSON LII.

HOW TO READ.

VIII.

You know, now, three ways by which you can make a word emphatic, and these ways are:

1. The emphasis of force.

2. The emphasis of time.

3. The emphasis of slides.

The first is marked by *italics* and CAPITALS.

The second is marked by giving the word more s-p-a-c-e.

The third is marked by this sign (′) for the upward slide of the voice, and this sign (‵) for the downward slide of the voice, and this sign (¯) for holding the voice suspended.

These different kinds of emphasis are marked in the poem below, and I wish you to read it, obeying carefully the directions given by the marks.

THE NEW MOON.

O-h, *moth‵er*, how *pret‵ty* the m-o-o-n looks to-night!
She was *nev‵er* so *cun‵ning* before;
Her two little *h-o-r-n-s* are so s-h-a-r-p‵ and so b-r-i-g-h-t‵,
I hope they'll not g-r-o-w′ any m-o-r-e′.

If *I′* were up *t-h-e-r-e*, with *y-o-u′* and my *f-r-i-e-n-d-s′*,
We'd rock‵ in it *n-i-c-e‵-ly*, you'd see;
We'd sit in the *middle* and *h-o-l-d* by both *ends‵*—
O-h, what a bright *c-r-a‵-dle* 'twould be!

We'd c-a-ll to the *s-t-a-r-s*ˋ to keep *out* of the
w-a-y¯,
Lest *w-e* should rock *over* their *t-o-e-s*ˋ;
And *t-h-e-r-e* we would *s-t-a-y*¯ till the d-a-w-n of
the d-a-y¯,
And s-e-e where the *pretty* moon g-o-e-sˋ.

And t-h-e-r-e we would *rock*¯ in the b-e-a-u-tiful
s-k-i-e-s¯,
And through the bright c-l-o-u-d-sˋ we would
r-o-a-mˋ;
We'd s-e-e the s-u-n *set*′, and see the sun *r-i-s-e*ˋ,
And on the next r-a-i-n-bow come h-o-m-eˋ.

Write answers to the following questions:

Where, in this lesson, can you find a word which has the mark of the *emphasis of force?*—the mark of the *emphasis of time?*—the mark of the *emphasis of the upward slide?*—the mark of the *emphasis of the downward slide?*

Example: In the third stanza of this poem, in the first line, the word "*out*" has the mark of the *emphasis of force.*

LESSON LIII.

Wa̤l′-ter
Rŏb′-ert
cȯm′-ing

twĕlve
găth′-er
mȯth′-er

beau̅′-tieṣ
fo̅ur′-teen
cŏm′-ic-al

pret′-ti-est
sẽarch′-ing
con-sĕnt′-ed

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

PART I.

Those who have seen the sea know what the tides are. The water rises slowly, and flows higher and higher up on the land, until the beach is covered; then it turns, and flows out again as slowly as it came in. The coming in of the water is called the "flow of the tide"; the going out is called the "ebb of the tide."

One day, two boys—Robert, who was fourteen years of age, and Walter, a boy of twelve—took their little sister Ettie to the seabeach to gather shells. They walked up and down on the sand searching for shells, but they could not find any that were very pretty.

"It is too bad!" said Ettie; "some one has been here before us and picked up all the prettiest shells. I think they ought to have left some of them for us."

"They had as much right to them as we have," said Walter. "We must try to find some that no one else has seen."

"That will be rather hard to do, unless we can find a place where no one else has been for some time," said Robert. "Now, if we could only go over to Rocky Islet, I am sure we should find as many as we could carry. It is low tide, and the rocks are all standing above the water."

"Let us go, then," said Walter. "There is Jonas the fisherman's boat, just ahead of us; we can borrow that, and row over to the islet easily enough. It is not very far."

Ettie was delighted, and Robert consented to go. They borrowed the fisherman's boat, and, as both of the boys could row very well, they soon reached Rocky Islet. Robert tied the boat to a large stone, and then they all began to search for shells.

They found many beautiful ones, which they placed in the boat. Little Ettie thought she had never seen such fine ones as some of these were. "Will not mother be pleased," she said, "when she sees how many we have?—and such beauties, too!"

There was a pool of water on the islet, and in it were two crabs, which had been left there by the tide. Walter found them, and called to his brother and sister to come and see them.

They watched the crabs for some time, and laughed at their comical looks and ways. At last

Robert said: "Come, now; the tide is rising, and we must start home." They walked to the water's edge, where they had left the boat, but it was not there. One of the oars lay on the rock, but the boat was gone.

Write answers to the following questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

How many capital letters in the last paragraph?
Why do "They" and "One" begin with capitals?
Why does "Robert"?
Why does "Come"?
What is the name of those marks before "Come" and after "home"?

LESSON LIV.

kneeş
wīped
a-lärm′
ȼa̤uşed
wa̤shed
rŭd′-der
rĭp′-pled
drowned
drĭft′-ing
sȼrēamed
se-ȼūre′-ly
mēan′-whīle

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

PART II.

Robert had not tied the boat securely, and the rising tide had carried it away. They could see it drifting toward the shore.

"What shall we do?" cried Walter, in alarm. "The tide will cover all these rocks. We must get to the shore, or we shall be drowned. Can you not swim to the boat, Robert?"

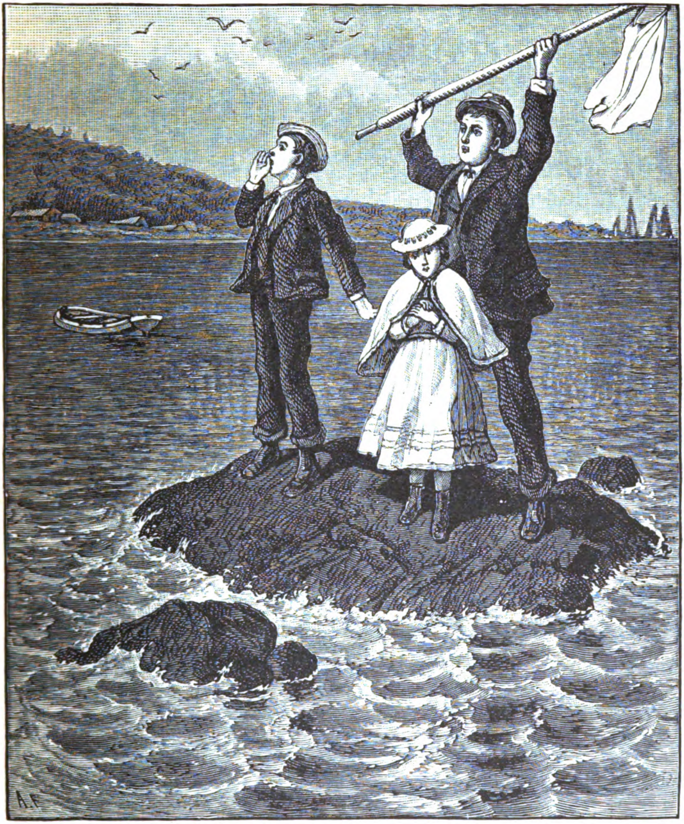
"It is too far off," said Robert, "and the wind is blowing it faster than I could swim. Perhaps some one will see us, and help us."

They were very much frightened. Ettie began to cry. The boys shouted as loud as they could, hoping that some one would hear them; but it was of no use, for the shore was too far off, and there was no boat in sight except the empty one that was drifting away.

"Here is one of the oars," said Robert, picking it up. "Let me take your apron, Ettie; I will tie it fast to the oar, and wave it, to let them know that we need help."

He tied the apron fast to the oar and waved it, in the hope that some one would see it. Meanwhile the water was slowly rising, and they had to go back, step by step, to the middle of the islet. They climbed upon the highest rock they could find, and stood there, shouting, and waving the oar with Ettie's apron tied to the end of it.

At last the water reached the rock on which they were standing. Little Ettie screamed, as a wave rippled over the rock and wet her feet.



"It is of no use," said Robert; "no one hears or sees us. Perhaps, after all, the water will not rise high enough to cover our heads. Let us hold fast to each other, so that we may not be washed off the rock."

The water was up to their knees now, and still rising. Robert told Ettie to put both her arms over the oar; then he tied her fast to it with the apron. "There, Walter!" he said, "that will keep her from sinking, if the water gets too deep, or washes us off the rock; and you and I can each take hold of an end and swim for some time. Let us take off our coats and shoes, before the water gets deeper."

The three children kissed each other, and each of the boys took hold of the oar to which their sister was tied. Just then they heard a shout. They looked toward the shore, and saw a boat coming out to them; Jonas the fisherman was in it.

The old man had seen the boat drifting toward the shore, and knew at once that it must have got away from the children, and that they were in danger. He dashed into the water and swam to the boat.

He found one of the oars lying among the shells in the bottom. He quickly took off the rudder, pushed the oar over the back part of the boat, and began to scull it toward Rocky Islet.

As he came near, he could see the children standing in the water. He shouted, to let them know that help was near. The boys shouted in reply, and soon they were all safe in the boat.

It would be hard to tell how glad they all were. Ettie cried and laughed by turns; she threw her arms about Jonas, and kissed him again and again. It was not long before they were safe at home once more, and Ettie and Walter were telling their father and mother all that had happened.

Robert was silent, for he felt that their danger had been caused by his carelessness in tying the boat; but it made him happy when his mother kissed him, and called him her brave boy.

Make as many words as you can, by putting syllables, chosen from the list below, to the following words:

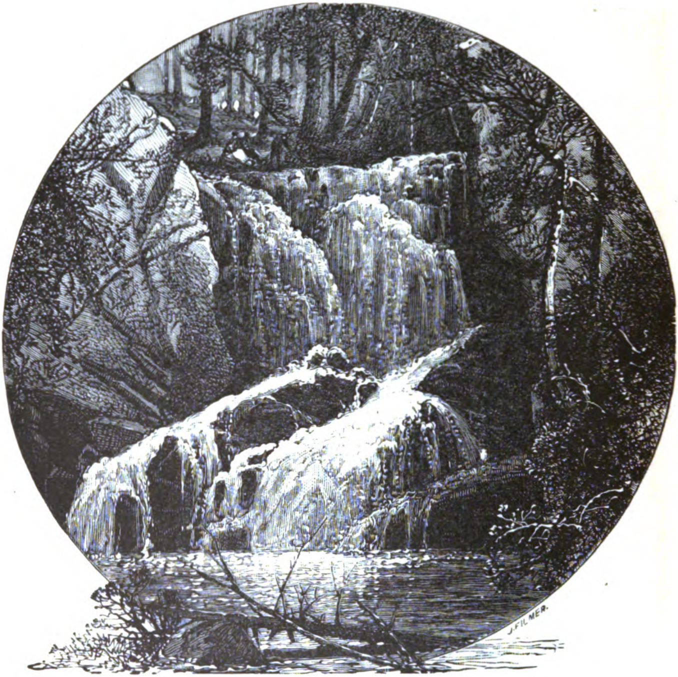
kind, care, fair, fear, joy, like.

Write the words you make in columns.

un
en
ly
dis
full
ness
less
ing

LESSON LV.

a-shōre′
gûr′-gle
sāil′-orș
fär′-ther
jăck′-ets
ăn′-swẹrș
trou′-șerș
clăm′-ber
blēach
lĕv′-eeș
un-fûrl′
hĕav′-*e*n
flow′-er-y
mĕad′-ow
flŭt′-ter-ing
fĭsh′-er-man



THE RIVER.

High up in the mountain are small lakes, and from them run streams which unite and form the river. The waters of the river foam and gurgle as they rush over the rocks and hasten down to the valley.

On the way a little brook comes to join the river, and asks, "Will you take me with you, brother?" And the river says, "Come, flow here by my side." And the waters of the river and the waters of the brook flow gently and peacefully together, between the flowery banks.

The great river fishes swim deep in these waters, but the little fishes play on the surface. Then come the fishermen in their boats, and throw out nets, and catch the old fish and the young ones. The young ones they put back again into the water, and leave them there until they are older; but the old ones they take home, and sell in the markets, or have them cooked for dinner.

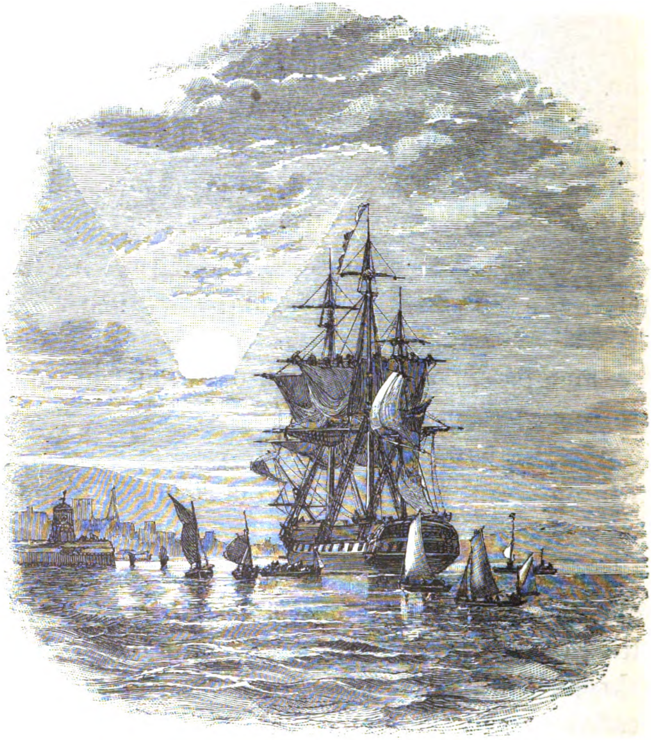
Now the river comes to the city with tall spires, and beautiful houses, and very many people. Here the people have built a bridge over him, and pass back and forth on it, and he must flow quietly under it.

After this he comes to beautiful fields and green meadows, and he looks on them, and would like to wander over them.

The snow melts, and the rain pours down from the clouds, and the waters of the river rise until they stream over the levees which were built to keep them back. They cover the fields and the meadows, until the whole plain looks like a sea.

But this does not last long. The river flows back to its bed, and again runs quietly between its banks, farther and farther on.

Now the river comes to the ships, with their masts, and with their many-colored flags fluttering in the wind, and with their white sails, which blow about like linen at the bleach.



In the ships are men with turned-up trousers and colored jackets; they clamber on the ropes and unfurl the sails. They are sailors.

The sailors look into the mirror-like waters, and greet the river kindly, and ask, "Will you take us to the sea?" The river answers, "Yes, come with me; I will take each and all of you."

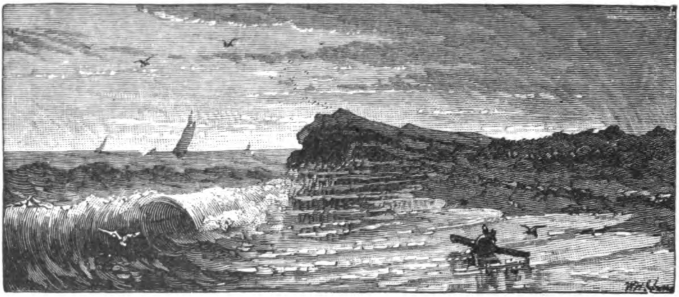
And the river carries them, and the wind drives them day and night; and soon they are near the end. They see before them a great water, larger than twenty rivers. As far as man can see is water. This is the sea. The sea comes toward the river with great waves rushing and roaring, so that the river is afraid.

But he says: "Here, I bring to you the little brook that wished to travel with me, and the ships that I have carried far. You take them now, dear Sea. I am tired, and would rest."

Copy the paragraph next to the last, and take great care to put in all capitals and marks of punctuation.

LESSON LVI.

trṳe
rōar
re-plȳ′
hāste
a-lŏng′
noiş′-y
strănd
sănd′-y
rĕst′-less



WAVES ON THE SEASHORE.

"Roll on, roll on, you restless waves, that toss about and roar!
Why do you all run back again when you have reached the shore?
Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves—roll higher up the strand!
How is it that you can not pass that line of yellow sand?
Make haste, or else the tide will turn—make haste, you noisy sea!
Roll quite across the bank, and then far on across the lea."

"We do not dare," the waves reply. "That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound the waters and the land;

And all should keep to time and place, and all
should keep to rule—
Both waves upon the sandy shore, and children
true at school."

Write a short story about what you see in the picture at the head of this lesson.

LESSON LVII.

out′-ward
dĭ-vīd′-ing
dro͞op′-ing
prĭn′-çi-pal
dĭ-rĕc′-tionṣ

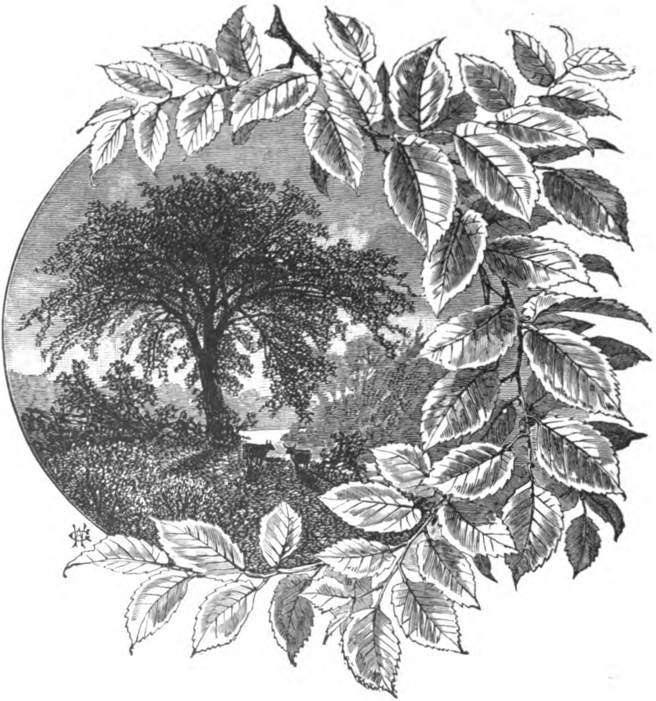
cûrveṣ
gōld′-*e*n
a̤u′-tumn
ẽar′-li-est
clŭs′-terṣ

yĕl′-low-ish
blŏs′-somed
brȧnch′-lets
grăd′-u-al-ly
mag-nĭf′-i-çent

MY ELM TREE.

It stands alone, on the brow of a little hill, not far from my door. The sight of it gives me so much pleasure, that I have learned to love it as if it were a human friend. I go often to visit it.

It is a magnificent tree. The trunk rises high in a single stem, then divides into three principal branches. These three great branches grow gradually farther and farther apart, then bend rapidly outward with an easy sweep, and finally divide into a number of smaller branches.



Of these smaller branches, the lower or under ones bend down toward the ground in graceful curves, and, dividing into many branchlets and twigs, form the drooping boughs of the tree. The upper ones grow erect, and their branchlets and twigs, spreading out and bending in all directions, make the airy top of the tree.

In the summer time this lovely tree is covered with dark-green leaves. It rests the eye to look at it, and it is a delight to sit under it. But it is not in summer only that it is beautiful. In the autumn its leaves turn to a sober brown, touched here and there with bright golden yellow; and, when the sun shines on it, it is glorious to behold.

When the rude autumn winds have stripped it of its leaves, it is still pleasant to watch the graceful branches swaying in the wind; and then, too, I can see the birds' nests, which the leaves have hidden during the summer. Almost always there are one or two orioles' nests, swinging like little bags from the ends of the long, slender branches.

The earliest spring flowers blossom under my elm tree. But the dear old tree is not to be outdone by the little plants at its foot, for it puts forth its blossoms as soon as they. Its flowers always come before its leaves. They are very tiny flowers, of a yellowish hue, and grow in small clusters on the sides of the twigs.

The flowers are soon followed by the seeds, which ripen and fall just as the leaves come out. The leaves are rather small and dark-green, and grow on short stems called footstalks. They are, almost all of them, oval in shape, and have a slender point at the apex. The under side of the leaf is whitish and hairy, and the ribs show very plainly.

All elm trees are not shaped just as mine is; but any boy or girl can always tell an elm tree by its graceful, curving branches, and slender, drooping twigs.

Write a short description of some tree with which you are familiar, using as many as you can of the words below. Write also a description of a leaf.

twig
stem
trunk
branch

rib
leaf
seed
apex

flowers
blossom
footstalk
branchlet

slender
drooping
graceful
curving

LESSON LVIII.

chĭs̤′-el
whĭs′-tles̤

swōrd
a̤u′-thor

păl′-ette
stātes′-man

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
  Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
  That are yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
  Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
  And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
  On the long, thorny blackberry vines;
They know where the apples hang ripest,
  And where the red bittersweet twines.
They gather the delicate seaweeds,
  And shells that the ocean wave brings;
And at nighttime are folded in slumber
  By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
  The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
  Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
  The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
  Shall be held in the little brown hand.

Write answers to the following questions, and let each answer be in a complete sentence:

Whose are the little brown hands? Where do they drive the cows? What do they find in the fields and by the roadside?—in the woods?—in the orchards?—by the seashore?

Commit to memory the last stanza.

LESSON LIX.

hăp'-pi-ly
läugh'-ter
găth'-ered
bĕd'-stĕad
tā'-perş
flŭshed
dànçed
tûr'-ban
ġĕn'-tle
nĕs'-tled
ȼăn'-dieş
re-môrse'
tĕm'-pered
sŭd'-den-ly
trī'-umphed
dis-plĕas'-ure

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

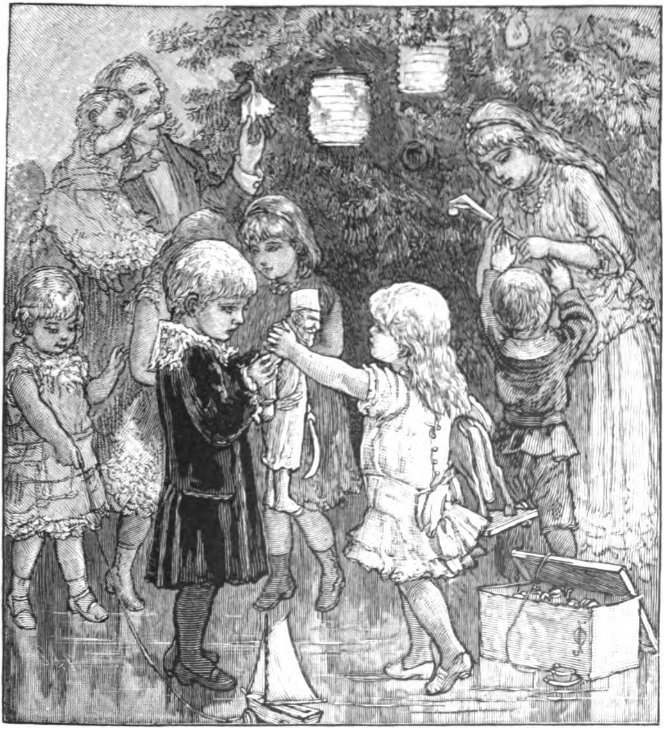
It was Christmas eve, when my little Wide-Awake came running into my room, calling out: "Mamma, mamma, Trotty has come! May I go to the door to meet her?"

"Yes, dear," I said, "we will go together; but mind, you are not to be rough to Trotty. Little boys should always be gentle to little girls."

Many children besides Trotty came that evening. There was a children's party. The house was full of light and warmth, rosy, smiling faces, and childish laughter.

The children were all gathered in the drawing-room; but at six o'clock the doors into the dining room were thrown open.

There stood a great Christmas tree, bright with its lighted tapers, and every limb loaded down with a burden of toys and candies; while on the floor, under its branches, were carts, and sleds, and horses, and picture books, almost without number.



Trotty and Wide-Awake stood side by side as their pretty things were handed to them in turn. When a beautiful doll, dressed as a Turk, with scarlet turban, and a sword in his hand, was given to Wide-Awake, he clapped his hands and danced for joy.

A shade of displeasure passed over Trotty's face as the gay doll was handed to her cousin; and I heard her say, "Boys shouldn't have dolls." Wide-Awake answered, "But this isn't like a common doll; it is a soldier, you see."

"I like dolls," said Miss Trotty, to whose share no doll had fallen. "I wish I had one. I don't care for my things now, one bit. Let us change. I'll give you a horse for it."

Wide-Awake looked at Trotty, and then at the Turk—with loving eyes at both. At last he handed the doll to her, saying, "You may keep it, Trotty; but I don't want the horse."

His face was flushed, and I could see his eyes blinking to keep back the tears.

Trotty went off with her doll in triumph, and little Wide-Awake was sweet-tempered as ever; but I could see that he cast many a longing look at the beautiful Turk.

I noticed, too, that Trotty did not seem quite satisfied with herself, and was not nearly so cheerful and good-tempered as before. When she went to bed, however, she did not forget to take her Turk with her.

Wide-Awake slept on a little iron bedstead in my room, and Trotty in a room on the other side of the hall.

The children who were staying in the house were all in bed, when suddenly the door of the drawing-room opened, and the nurse appeared, saying, "I can't find Trotty."

I hurried to her room to search for her, thinking she might have hidden herself for fun. She was not there. Then I went to Wide-Awake's room, to see if he were safe.

Stealing softly to the bed, I bent forward to look at the sleeping figure, and there, instead of one, were two little curly heads. The children were both fast asleep, and, nestled up closely, under Wide-Awake's arm lay the Turk.

Trotty's remorse had been so great that she could not sleep, and, while the nurse was away, she had run across the cold hall to restore the Turk to her little cousin; then had fallen asleep with his arm around her neck.

The following words are often mispronounced. Copy them, divide them into their syllables, and mark their proper pronunciation with diacritical marks:

of
get
was
last
fast
given
figure
pretty
picture
instead
children
hundred
bedstead
beautiful
breakfast

LESSON LX.

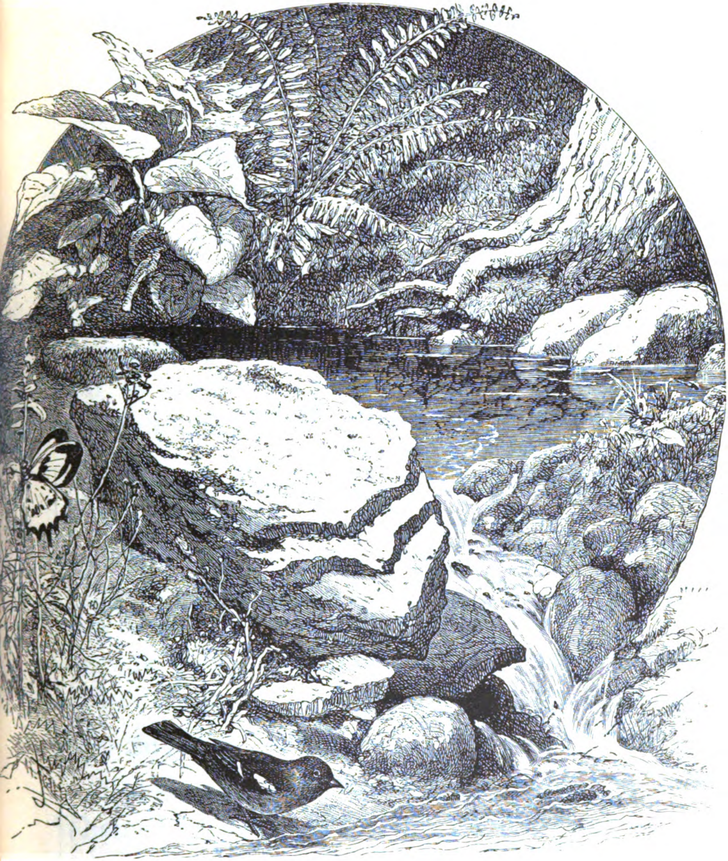
HOW TO READ.

IX.

You need now to learn *how much* emphasis to use. The emphasis of force, and of time, and of slide, all change with the spirit of what you read. In reading common, everyday facts, only moderate force is needed, and moderate slides, just long enough to ask a matter-of-fact question, or to answer it; and the *time* also is moderate. But when earnest feeling is added to the fact, *the force* and *slides* increase in degree.

Generally the time is slower where the feelings are sad and solemn, and faster where the feelings are lively and joyous.

In the following selection the time changes from moderate to slow, as the brook "c-r-e-e-p-s"; and to fast, as it "dances" along; and to faster and louder tones, as, "with laughter, it leaps o'er the rock." The spirit is so pure and happy, that the kind of force used should be smooth and sweet, and the quality of voice as clear and musical as possible; so that the *tones* of the *voice* may be sweet and happy, like the *sense* and *spirit* of the poem.



THE BROOK IN THE HOLLOW.

The brook in the hollow
Hath waked from its sleep,
And under the rushes doth c-r-e-e-p and c-r-e-e-p;

Then, over the pebbles
So smooth and brown,
Goes merrily dancing, dancing down.

Now, shouting with laughter,
It leaps o'er the rock,
Awaking the echoes its mirth to mock;
While over the borders,
So rugged and steep,
The dainty anemones p-e-e-p and p-e-e-p.

Then, out of the shadow
And into the sun,
All bubbling with pleasure, the glad waves run
Now, broader and deeper,
It moves with ease,
And murmurs of p-e-a-c-e to the scented breeze.

The sweet birds drink
Of its waters bright;
The little s-t-a-r-s sleep on its breast at night.
Now, quiet, as grieving
The hills to forsake,
It glides under lily pads into the lake.

Commit this poem to memory.

LESSON LXI.

clĕv′-er
be-liēve′
fiērç′-est
de-fĕnse′
hạul
thêir
thêre
de-cāy′
ū′-şu-al
shĕlveş
sạu′-çer
mĭd′-dle
dĭf′-fer-ent
trăv′-el-erş
mĭs′-chie-voŭs
troŭ′-ble-sȯme

RATS.

Rats are very clever animals; but they are so mischievous, that we always want to kill them as soon as possible, and seldom care to hear about the cunning things they do.

They are great eaters. The trouble they take to get something to eat is remarkable. They gnaw through wood, and dig through the ground, to get at food which has been put away. They have been known to roll jars off the shelves so as to break them, in order to get at the jelly or jam inside. It is said they will even carry eggs up a flight of stairs without breaking the shells.

Young rats are very kind to the old ones. When they go from a place because they can not find food enough, they do not leave the old and helpless ones behind, but aid them to travel away with the rest.

An officer of a ship, on watch one bright moonlight night, saw three rats coming slowly up one of the large ropes which are used to haul goods into the vessel.

Their slow walk—so different from their usual scamper—made him watch them very closely, and soon he discovered the reason of their going so slowly. The tail of the first rat was in the mouth of the second, and the tail of the second was in the mouth of the third, and the three were carefully coming up together. The middle rat was blind, and the others were helping him on board.

Rats are great travelers. They go around the world in ships. If they find out that a ship leaks, they will leave it as soon as they can. Sailors will never go to sea in a ship that the rats have left; they believe it will be sure to sink.

Dr. Franklin once had a tame rat for a pet. It was very fond of its master, and very friendly with his dog. The two would play together in the garden; they would drink milk side by side from a saucer, and share, like brothers, any good things which their master gave them to eat.

The rat's name was Scugg. The dog's name was Flora. When a stranger came to the house, Scugg would hide behind Flora, and Flora would bark loudly in defense of her friend. It was curious to see Scugg sleeping before the fire, between Flora's paws.

There are many kinds of rats, but the most common are the black and Norway rats. The Norway rat is the largest and fiercest of all rats, and, whenever it can, will kill and eat the black rat. So, when the Norway rats enter a house, the black rats leave it at once.

Though rats are great thieves, and very troublesome, they do a great deal of good. They eat scraps of waste food of all kinds, and other things which, being left to decay, would make the air unhealthy.

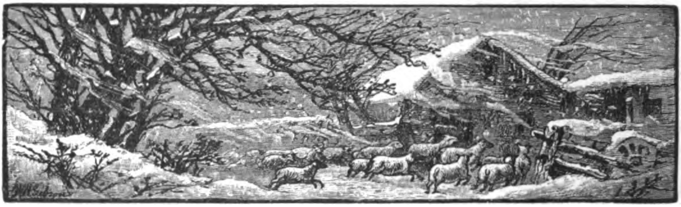
Write a short story of your own, telling something that you know, or have read, about a rat, or rats.

LESSON LXII.

färm′-erş
pēach′-eş
rĕd′-den
bĭrd′-ieş
scăm′-per
shĭv′-er-ing

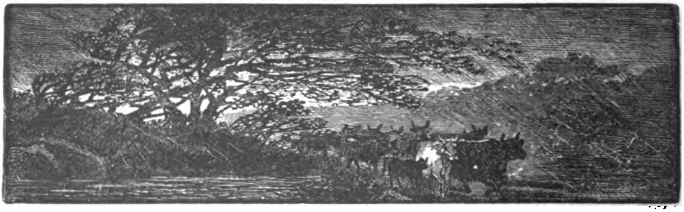
WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

"Which is the wind that brings the cold?"
  "The North Wind, Freddy—and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
  When the North begins to blow."



"Which is the wind that brings the heat?"
"The South Wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the rain?"
"The East Wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the East begins to blow."



"Which is the wind that brings the flowers?"
"The West Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the West begins to blow."

Copy this poem.

LESSON LXIII.

vĕxed
frŏl′-ic
hŏl′-low
ôr′-chard
dăm′-aġe
Æ′-o-lus (ē′-)
sa̤u′-çi-ly
sŭm′-mer
in-vīt′-ed
in-vād′-ed
dĕl′-i-cate
hās′-tened
moun′-tain
găth′-er-ing
scăm′-per-ing

NORTH-WIND.

One bright summer morning, North-wind, a youth fond of play, asked leave of his father, Æolus, to go out of their home, which was in a hollow mountain, and play awhile outside. Leave was granted, and forth he rushed.

First he went into a garden, and asked a delicate lily to go and play with him. She could not go, so he rudely seized her, and gave her such a twist that she fell to the ground.

Then he bounded over the fence into an orchard, and asked an apple tree to be his playmate. But the tree said, "I am busy now, getting my apples ready for gathering; come another time." North-wind saucily said, "Take that, then!" and gave her such a shake that she dropped all her apples to the ground.

Scampering along, the rude fellow met a swarm of bees, and invited them to a frolic.

But, as they were too busy to take a holiday, he became vexed, and stamped them down, and left them in the dust.

He was treating a field of corn in the same way, when the farmers whose grounds had been invaded by North-wind hastened to Æolus, and made complaint of the damage he had done them. North-wind was at once called in. He heard the complaints which the farmers made, and was asked what he had to say for himself.

He answered: "I did not mean to do any harm; I was only in play. The lily, and the apple tree, and the bees, and the corn would not play with me; so I gave the lily a little twist, and the tree one little shake, just touched the bees with my foot, and gave the ears of the corn a light box with my hand. I was only playing."

"But the lily," said his father, "is dead; the tree has lost her fruit; the bees are killed; and the cornfields are laid waste. Your play is too rough. Hereafter you will stay in doors in the summer, and go out only in the winter, when gardens, orchards, and fields are bare, or covered with snow."

And now we may hear him, some winter night, howling through the leafless trees; or, in the daytime, we may see the white snow tossed by him against the window panes, or into drifts by the roadside.

Write answers to the following questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

Who was the father of North-wind?
Where was their home?
Tell what North-wind did.
Who complained?
How did North-wind defend himself?
Tell the rest of the story.

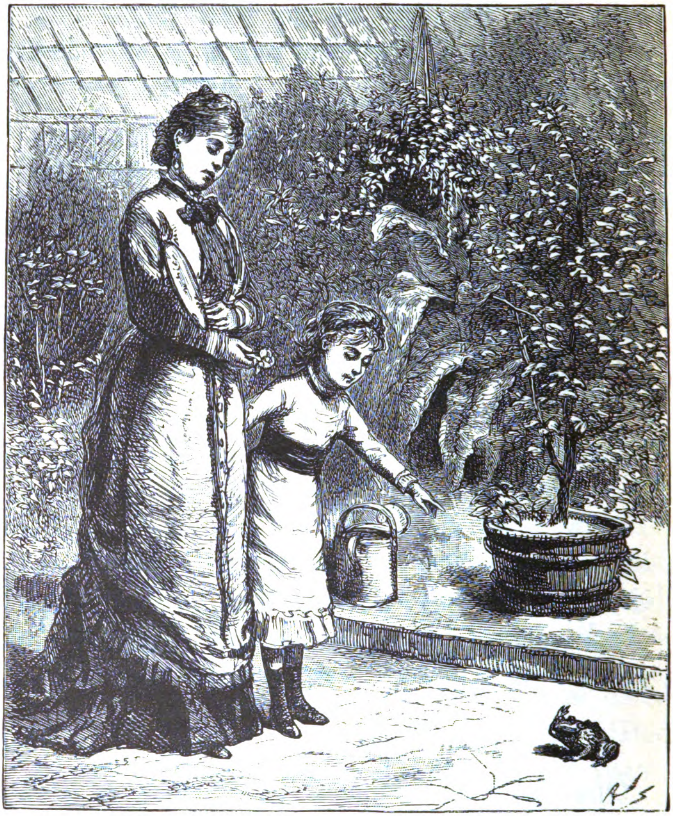
LESSON LXIV.

al-low′
ob-jĕct′
bāthed
hŏpped
swōll′-*en*
därt′-ing
bȧsk′-ing
măn′-aġed
fĭn′-ished
crēa′-ture
de-scrībed′
stăg′-ḡered
re-māined′
dis-tûrbed′
ġĕn′-er-al-ly
con-tĕnt′-ed

THE STORY OF A TOAD.

One day last summer, while down at Aunt Jane's house in the country, I was standing in the conservatory, smelling the pretty flowers, with little Nanny by my side, when I saw a large toad hopping across the floor.

As a rule, I object to toads, and was going to drive this one away, when I saw that the poor



toad was going very slowly, as if in pain, and, as Nanny described it, "was holding one of its hands up to one of its eyes, just like a grown-up person."

"O mamma!" cried Nanny, "it has hurt its eye; look—how big it is!" I then saw that the eye was cut and swollen; and that was the reason why it kept raising what Nanny called its hand to its eye.

"Let us watch it," said I; "we will not hurt it—poor thing!" The little creature did not seem to be at all afraid of us, but remained near, blowing out its body, and winking its well eye, for several minutes.

Nanny suddenly became so fond of it that she wanted to take it up and bathe its eye; but this I would not allow.

So she contented herself with putting a leaf, with a few grubs on it, close to the toad; and we soon saw it darting its pink tongue out, and catching and eating them. When the creature had finished its meal, it hopped slowly out of doors, and sat basking in the sun. We were glad to see that the eye looked better, and so we left it.

The next day, however, and often afterward, it came back to the conservatory, where Nanny generally managed to provide food for it. It learned to know us quite well, and not only made friends with us, but also with a large cat which was a great pet of Nanny's.

Our new friend made itself at home in every part of the house. One day, to the surprise of every one, it was found sitting before the kitchen fire, close to the cat, with its "hands" resting on pussy's tail, and looking quite affectionately into her face.

Once we noticed that the toad's skin was split down the whole length of his body. We watched him, and saw him twitch himself until the loose skin gradually fell apart, and lay in folds on his sides.

We saw him then put one of his legs under his arm, press down upon it, and pull it out of its covering. He did the same thing with his other leg, leaving his old trousers under his arms.

With his mouth he now pulled the skin off his arms, and with both hands he pushed it into his mouth in a little ball, and swallowed it.

Nanny clapped her hands with glee to see how gay he looked in his bright new suit.

Write answers to the following questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

In which paragraph, and in which line of the paragraph, and where in the line, is the word "grown-up"? —"winking"?—"provide"?—"affectionately"?—"swallowed"?

LESSON LXV.

Spāin
fâir′-ieş
voy′-aġe
ȼli′-mate
hĭs′-to-ry
bĭt′-ter-ly
blŏs′-somş
stŭd′-y-ing
A-mĕr′-i-ȼa
hănd′-sȯme
Co-lŭm′-bus
dăn′-ġer-oŭs
lux̱-ū′-ri-ant
vĕġ-e-tā′-tion
dis-ȼȯv′-er-ing

A STORY OF LONG AGO.

Many years ago there lived near the city of Boston a little schoolgirl named Prudence Hathaway. One day she was sitting under an apple tree in her father's garden, studying her history lesson.

The lesson was about the discovery of America by Columbus. She read that Columbus had lived about three hundred years before she was born, and that, of all the white people then living, not one knew that there was in the world such a country as our own dear America.

They did not even know that the world is a globe. They thought that it was a great flat plain, like a large board, and that, if a ship sailed far enough across the sea, it would come at last to the edge of the world, and would tumble off and fall down to—nobody knew where.

But Columbus was a wise man, and he was sure that the world was round, like a ball. He said he was not afraid to take a ship and sail over the ocean as far as ever he could go. He was sure he would *not* come to the edge and tumble off; but that he would come at last to the other side of the land from which he started.

He told all this to Isabella, the good Queen of Spain. So Queen Isabella gave him three small vessels, manned with such sailors as were willing to go with him; and Columbus sailed away with his three ships.

Great crowds gathered on the seashore to see the ships start. The mothers and the sisters, the wives and the little children, and the fathers and brothers of the sailors were among the crowd upon the shore. They wrung their hands and wept bitterly as the ships went out of sight, for they feared they should never see their dear friends again.

The ships sailed and sailed for six long weary weeks, and still they found no land; and then the sailors grew afraid, and wanted to go back home. But Columbus begged them to try for a few days more.

So they sailed on, and, one morning when the daylight came, they saw a beautiful green country spread out before them, and they saw people moving about upon the shore.

Now Columbus was proud and happy, and said to the men about him: "Have we not *proved* that the world is round? Have we not sailed *around* it?"

Then he, and the people with him in all the three ships, knelt down and thanked God for this happy ending of their dangerous voyage.

Columbus was right about the world being round, but he did not even dream how large a world it is. He had not sailed around it, as he thought, nor half-way round it, and the land that he found was not the other side of the land from which he started. Nor was it this great continent of America, either; *that* was not found until some time afterward. It was only a little island called San Salvador.

The island of San Salvador is in the Atlantic Ocean, southeast of North America. Its climate is warm, and its vegetation is luxuriant.

When Prudence Hathaway had read thus far, she began to feel tired. She leaned her head against the trunk of an old tree, and wished she might go to San Salvador and see it.

"Oh dear," she said, "how I wish some good fairy would come now and take me there in a minute! I wonder why there are no fairies in America? I wish there were."

You see, little Prudence Hathaway lived a great many years ago, when nobody had ever thought of finding fairies in America. But all the time there were fairies here—just as surely as there ever were fairies anywhere in the world.

Perhaps little Prudence fell asleep and dreamed the rest of this story; at any rate, it afterward seemed to her that, even while she was wishing there were fairies here, a lovely fairy was hiding among the blossoms of the apple tree.

Write answers to the following questions, and let the answers be in complete sentences:

Who was Isabella?

What did she give to Columbus?

What did the people fear as they watched the ships sail away?

How long did the ships sail before the men saw land?

What is the name of the land which they discovered?

LESSON LXVI.

măġ′-ie
Săx′-on
ȼăn′-çel
quĭv′-er
rŭd′-der
wrought (wra̤t)

glēamed
ăn̲′-ȼhorş
Flŏr′-i-da
pẽr′-fume
dĕl′-i-ȼate
dro͞op′-ing

glĭt′-tered
shōul′-derş
de-līght′-ed
mŏȼ′-ȼa-sinş
frĕsh′-*e*n-ing
re-lŭȼ′-tant-ly

PRUDENCE AND THE FAIRY.

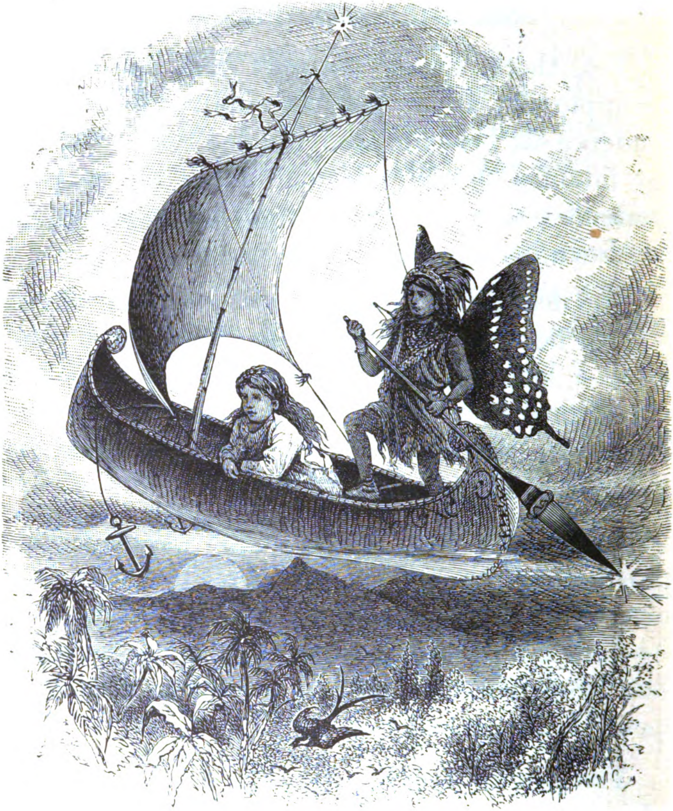
Yes, there, among the soft pink blossoms of the apple tree, a fairy had been hiding while little Prudence sat beneath, studying her lesson. Every few minutes the fairy would take a sly peep at Prudence; then she would sigh, and tears would roll down her cheeks.

The dear fairy loved the little girl, and longed to help her in some way. She had known Prudence a long time, and was often near her, but had always been afraid to let Prudence see her. Now, when she heard her wish there were fairies in America, she laughed for joy.

Softly, as a cloud floats in the sky, the fairy glided out from among the apple blossoms; she hovered a moment in the air, and then alighted at the little girl's feet. She spoke some magic words that wrought a charm upon Prudence, who then opened her eyes and saw the fairy.

You may be sure she stared in wonder. To see a fairy at all was enough to take away her breath; but to see such a fairy as this was most strange indeed! For this was not like any fairy that Prudence had ever read about, or seen pictures of.

In the first place, she was not so small as Prudence thought a fairy should be. She was



nearly as tall as Prudence herself, but slender and delicate. And then, she was no Saxon fairy, with white face, golden curls, and large blue eyes.

Oh, no! this was a real American fairy—that is, an Indian fairy. She and her people had lived in America long before it was discovered by Columbus, or settled by white people.

This fairy had copper-colored skin, large black eyes, and straight black hair. But her cheeks had a soft rose-flush shining through the dark skin; her eyes were kind and gentle; her long hair swept like a black veil over her shoulders, and glittered with strings and loops of bright-colored shells. Her velvety wings, like the wings of a great black butterfly, gleamed with golden spots.

She was dressed like an Indian princess. On her head was a crown of golden-green feathers; at her back was a little quiver full of arrows, and a tiny bow hung from her wampum belt; her dress of soft deerskin was fringed with colored grasses; on her neck were strings of beads, and dainty moccasins were on her feet.

Beside her was a little birch canoe, floating in the air as easily as if it rested upon water. It was built like an Indian canoe; but the Indian fairies had learned something from the strange white people, for this little canoe had sails of crimson silk, little silver anchors hung at its sides, and the paddle at its stern was set as a rudder.

The fairy, smiling at Prudence, laid her hand on the side of her boat, and it immediately settled to the ground. She said: "See, my little girl, my boat is all ready. I have only to say the word, and sweet fairy winds will carry us away to the place where you wish to be. Trust me, Prudence, and come with me."

Half afraid and half delighted, Prudence timidly took a seat in the boat. The fairy stepped in beside her, and then called out:

"What, ho! my fairy king,
Your elfin horn-boys bring,
And bid them blow, blow, blow,
Till all our drooping sails
Are filled with freshening gales,
And away to the south we go.
Blow! fairies, blow!

"Ah, now we are off! How fast we go! Do you feel that wind upon your cheek, Prudence? It is warm, because we have already gone so far south. And now, do you smell that sweet perfume in the air? That comes from the orange groves of Florida.

"And now I hear the roaring of the sea. Do you not hear it, Prudence? Do not be afraid; we shall not fall. And now, at last, here we are at San Salvador!"

Write answers to the following questions:

How did the American fairy differ from Saxon fairies?
What kind of hair had she? What kind of eyes?
Of what was her dress made, and how was it trimmed?

LESSON LXVII.

ăn̠′-kleş
hū′-man
sī′-lençe
dĭs′-tançe
ġĕs′-tureş
wĕl′-ȼȯme
brĭl′-liant
plūm′-aġe
gôr′-ġeoŭs
băn′-ished
brāçe′-lets
wĭg′-wạmş
ba-nä′-nȧş
ăȼ′-tu-al-ly
whĭs′-pered
per-mĭt′-ted
ex-çīte′-ment
wor′-ship-ing

SAN SALVADOR.

As soon as Prudence and the fairy had alighted from the air boat, Prudence looked about her with much curiosity. She was standing on a sandy beach; on one hand was the ocean, and on the other was a beautiful green country.

When she looked toward the ocean, she could see only great green waves, rolling and rolling, one after another. Away in the distance, as far as she could see, the green waters seemed to meet the blue sky in a long level line, and from there the great waves came.

When she turned toward the land, she saw green fields, rising here and there into little hills. Groves of trees were scattered about the fields; and behind the groves was a great, dark-looking forest; and still behind that a mountain rose, until it, too, seemed to meet the sky.

"This," said the fairy, "is the land which

Columbus discovered on his first voyage, and this is the very place where he landed." She then took Prudence to walk through the fields and groves; she showed her the gorgeous flowers, and the birds with brilliant plumage, that flew about among the strange trees with large, dark leaves.

During their walk, she told Prudence that she had been, for many hundred years, a favorite fairy with the Indians who had lived in San Salvador. It had been her business to watch over the little Indian girls. She told her, too, how lonely she had been since the Indians had all gone away.

She would have gone with them, she said, but, because she had wept human tears at the thought of leaving the place she loved so well, she was banished from her home and her people.

She was permitted to come sometimes on a visit to San Salvador, as she had done to-day, and to take other long journeys wherever she chose; but her home must be, for the next thousand years, in the cold, bleak country of New England.

And it was her duty now to watch over little white girls, who did not believe in her, and who perhaps would not love her even if they knew her.

Then she told Prudence that she had been playing with the little Indian children in that very field on the day Columbus first came to San Salvador. She plucked a red berry and gave it to Prudence, telling her that, if she would eat it, she would see for herself just what happened on that day.

While Prudence ate the berry, the fairy sang some magic words, and waved her wand above her head. Prudence closed her eyes a moment, and, when she opened them again, the whole scene had changed.

Under the shady trees of the groves were numbers of Indian wigwams; and before the doors of these wigwams were groups of strange-looking, black-eyed women, with bracelets upon their arms and ankles, talking and laughing. Under some of the trees Indian men and boys were lounging, while others, carrying spears, were seen coming out of the forest.

All around were little dark-colored girls and boys, running and playing, and Prudence saw her dear fairy in the midst of them. At the foot of one little hill Prudence saw a rabbit hiding under a bush, and, while the children were looking for him everywhere but in the right place, he jumped from his hiding place and bounded away to the forest. Down on the beach the children were playing in the water, or climbing in and out of the canoes which were lying along the shore.

All at once a great shout arose from some of the men lying under the trees. They stood up, and pointed to the sea. Then all the people stood up, and, with wild looks and strange gestures, pointed toward the sea; and silence fell over the place. But, after a little while, they began talking together again in a strange language that Prudence did not understand.

When Prudence looked toward the sea, she saw three ships, with sails all set, coming toward the land. Then the fairy whispered in her ear: "See! those are the ships of Columbus. These Indians have never before seen so wonderful a sight. They think the ships are birds with great wings, and that they have just come out of the far blue sky."

As the ships came nearer, they seemed to grow larger; and when, at last, the Indians saw men moving about on them, they were almost wild with excitement. These simple-hearted people thought these men were gods, who had come out of heaven to visit them. And when Columbus and some of his men came in a boat, and actually set foot upon the land, the frightened people went timidly down to meet them.

Columbus and his men erected a wooden cross in the sand, and knelt down and thanked God for their safe arrival. The Indians stood in silence and watched them. They thought these strange new gods were worshiping this cross as they worshiped their idols.

Some of the Indians were afraid, and ran back to the woods; but others approached the white men and welcomed them. They took them to their tents and groves, gave them bananas and other fruits to eat, and showed them where to find springs of fresh water. Some even took off their golden ornaments and gave them to their strange visitors. This is the way in which the simple-hearted Indians received the white men.

To be committed to memory.

THE LITTLE FOXES WHICH SPOIL THE VINES.

One little fox is "By and By." If you track him, you come to his hole—Never.

Another little fox is "I Can't." You had better set on him a spry, plucky little thing, "I Can" by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is "No Use in Trying." He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more fruit, than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I Forgot." He is very provoking. He is a great cheat. He is seldom overtaken.

LESSON LXVIII.

pûr′-ple
dēa′-con
clō′-verş
vī′-o-lĕts
căn′-o-py
sûr′-plĭçe
spăr′-row
trŭmp′-et
pĕn′-çĭled
bēam′-ing
guīle′-less
sĕn′-ti-nelş
lăn̲′-guid-ly
rĕv′-er-ençe
as-sĕm′-bled
a-nĕm′-o-neş
cŏl′-um-bīne
ġe-rā′-ni-ŭmş

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit
  Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
  Just over the way.
Squirrel and Song Sparrow,
  High on their perch,
Hear the sweet Lily bells
  Ringing to church.

Come, hear what his reverence
  Rises to say,
In his low, painted pulpit,
  This calm Sabbath day.
Fair is the canopy
  Over him seen,
Penciled, by Nature's hand,
  Black, brown, and green;
Green is his surplice,
  Green are his bands;

In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeous to see,
Comes, with his bass voice,
The chorister Bee.
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind lyres;
Low, singing-bird voices;
These are his choirs.

The Violets are deacons;
I know by the sign
That the cups which they carry
Are purple with wine.
And the Columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the lookout, with all their
Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced Anemones,
Drooping and sad;
Great Yellow Violets,
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
Beaming and bright;
Clovers, with bonnets—
Some red and some white;

Daisies, their white fingers
Half clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair;

Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wildwood Geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning
In purple gauze dressed:
All are assembled,
This sweet Sabbath day,
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

Write answers to the following questions, and let each answer be a line, or lines, found in the poem:

Where does Jack-in-the-pulpit preach to-day?
What is the color of the canopy over him seen?
What kind of faces have the Buttercups?
What are the Violets doing?
Of what are the Dandelions proud?
For what purpose are all the flowers assembled?

LESSON LXIX.

tȯngue
guĭlt′-y
ăn′-swer
fāith′-fụl
joûr′-ney
snătched
trăv′-eled
prĕ′-cioŭs
găl′-loped
ō-ver-to͝ok′
ȼon-vĭnçed′
fū′-ri-oŭs-ly
a-wāk′-ened
dis-mount′-ed
sŏr′-row-fụl-ly

FAITHFUL FIDO.

Little Fido's master had to go on a long journey, and he took her with him. He rode a beautiful horse, and Fido trotted cheerfully at the horse's heels. Often the master would speak a cheering word to the dog, and she would wag her tail and bark a glad answer. And so they traveled on and on.

The sun shone hot, and the road was dusty. The beautiful horse was covered with sweat, and poor Fido's tongue lolled out of her mouth, and her little legs were so tired they could hardly go any more.

At last they came to a cool, shady wood, and the master stopped, dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree. He took from the saddle his heavy saddle bags: they were heavy because they were filled with gold.

The man laid the bags down very carefully in a shady place, and, pointing to them, said to Fido, "Watch them." Then he drew his cloak about him, lay down with his head on the bags, and soon was fast asleep.

Little Fido curled herself up close to her master's head, with her nose over one end of the bags, and went to sleep too. But she did not sleep very soundly, for her master had told her to watch, and every few moments she would open her eyes and prick up her ears, to learn if anybody were coming.

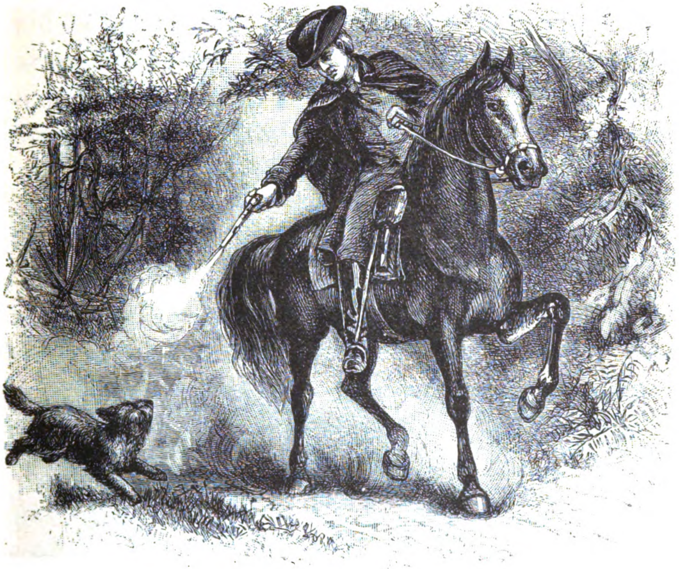
Her master was tired, and slept soundly and long—very much longer than he had intended. At last he was awakened by Fido's licking his face.

The dog saw that the sun was nearly setting, and knew that it was time for her master to go. The man patted Fido, and jumped up, much troubled to find he had slept so long.

He snatched up his cloak, threw it over his horse, untied his bridle, sprang into the saddle, and, calling Fido, started off in great haste. But little Fido did not seem ready to follow him.

She ran after the horse and bit at his heels, and then ran back again to the woods, all the time barking furiously. This she did several times; but her master had no time to heed her foolish pranks, and galloped away, thinking she would follow him.

At last the little dog sat down by the roadside, and looked sorrowfully after her master, until he had turned a bend in the road.



When he was no longer in sight, she sprang up with a wild bark and ran after him. She overtook him just as he had stopped to water his horse in a brook that flowed across the road. She stood beside the brook and barked so savagely, that her master rode back and called her to him; but, instead of coming to him, she darted off down the road, still barking.

Her master did not know what to think, and began to fear that his dog was going mad. Mad dogs are afraid of water, and act strangely when they see it. While the man was thinking of this, Fido came running back again, and dashed at him furiously. She leaped up on the legs of the horse, and even jumped up and bit the toe of her master's boot; then she ran down the road again, barking with all her little might.

Her master was now convinced that she was mad, and, taking out his pistol, he shot her.

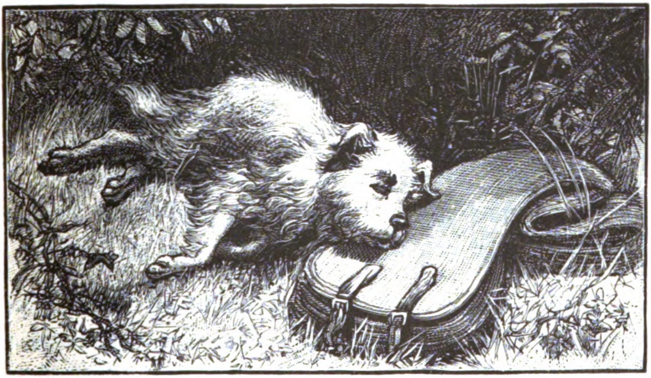
He rode away quickly, for he loved her dearly, and did not wish to see her die; but he had not ridden very far when he stopped as suddenly as if he had himself been shot. He felt quickly under his cloak for his saddle bags. *They were not there!*

Had he dropped them, or had he left them behind, in the wood? He felt sure he must have left them in the wood, for he could not recall picking them up or fastening them to his saddle. He turned quickly about, and rode back again as fast as his horse could go.

When he came to the brook, he said, "Poor Fido!" and looked about, but he could see nothing of her. After he had crossed the stream he saw some drops of blood upon the ground; and all along the road, as he went, he still saw drops of blood. Poor little Fido!

Tears came into the man's eyes, and his heart began to ache, for he understood now why little Fido had acted so strangely. She was not mad at all. She knew that her master had left his precious bags of gold, and she had tried to tell him in the only way she could.

Oh, how guilty the man felt, as he galloped along and saw the drops of blood by the roadside! At last he came to the wood, and there, all safe, lay the bags of gold; and there, beside them, with her little nose lying over one end of them, lay faithful Fido, dead.



Write a story about a dog.

LESSON LXX.

de-ꞓlīned′
hŭnts′-men
thrĕat′-ened
sȯv′-er-eign
ꞓoŭr-ā′-ġeoŭs
aꞓ̣-ꞓŭs′-tomed

THE COURAGEOUS BOY.

In England, one day, a farmer at work in his fields saw a party of huntsmen riding over his farm. He had a field in which the wheat was just coming up, and he was anxious that the gentlemen should not go into that, as the trampling of the horses and dogs would spoil the crop.

So he sent one of his farm hands, a bright young boy, to shut the gate of that field and to keep guard over it. He told him that he must on no account permit the gate to be opened.

Scarcely had the boy reached the field and closed the gate when the huntsmen came galloping up and ordered him to open it. This the boy declined to do.

"Master," said he, "has ordered me to permit no one to pass through this gate, and I can neither open it myself nor allow any one else to do so."

First one gentleman threatened to thrash him if he did not open it; then another offered him a sovereign; but all to no effect. The brave boy was neither to be frightened nor bribed.

Then a grand and stately gentleman came forward and said: "My boy, do you not know me? I am the Duke of Wellington—one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass."

The boy took off his hat to the great man whom all England delighted to honor, and answered:

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor permit any one to pass without my master's express permission."

The brave old warrior was greatly pleased at the boy's answer, and lifting his own hat, he said:

"I honor the man or the boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer, not only the French, but the whole world."

As the party galloped away, the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! hurrah for the Duke of Wellington!"

Copy the following lines:

BE TRUE.

The very first duty of love is to be true. Before you are kind, be sure you are true. From your lips, speak the truth! In your minds, think the truth! In your hearts, love the truth! In your lives, live the truth!

LESSON LXXI.

THE CHILD'S WORLD.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say:

"You are more than the Earth, though you're such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth can not!"

LESSON LXXII.

ăd′-ver-tīṣed
tī′-dy̆
mĭn′-utes (-ĭts)
ăn′-swered (sẽrd)
rĕc-om-men-dā′-tion
hănd′-sòme

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office. Nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one, and sent all the rest away.

“I should like to know,” said a friend who was present, “on what ground you chose that boy. He had not one recommendation with him.”

“You are mistaken,” said the gentleman; “he had a great many:

“He wiped his shoes when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was tidy and orderly.

“He gave up his seat instantly to that lame man; showing that he was kind and thoughtful.

“He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite.

“He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful.

"And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside; showing that he was modest.

"When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk.

"When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like those of the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket.

"Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

SENTENCE STUDY.

Read the first sentence and write answers to the following questions:

Who is spoken of in this sentence?
What did this person *do?*
When did he advertise?
For *what?*
What did he want the boy to *do?*
Where?

LESSON LXXIII.

rŭs′-tled (rŭs′-ld)
tīght′-ly
hŭn′-dredş
gōld′-en
a̤u′-tumn
hŏl′-i-dāy
scär′-let
cȯl′-ȯr
whĩrled

THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said: "What is the matter, little leaf?"

And the leaf said: "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree; and when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf: "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on rustling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself, and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

And so it grew all summer long and till October. And, when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant.

And the tree said: "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away; and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and, when it was very gay in color, saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them; and so the leaf said: "Oh, branches! why are you lead color, and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over." Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it; and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air; and then it dropped gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about. —H. W. BEECHER.

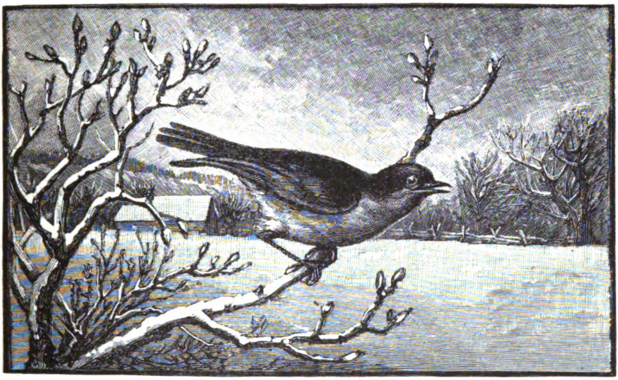
Is this story a fable? Why do you think so? What did the twig say? The leaf? The tree?

Write out all the sentences in this lesson that are inclosed within these marks, " ".

LESSON LXXIV.

blūe′-bĩrd
swĭng′-ing
mū′-ṣic
mĕs′-sage
skīeş
thrōat (thrōt)

THE BLUEBIRD.



I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! The skies may be dreary—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;

Hark while I sing you a message of cheer:
Summer is coming! and springtime is here!"

—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

When are the skies dreary?
When does one have a cheery heart?
What other word means nearly the same thing as *cheery?*

Write in your own words the song of the bluebird.
Were there really any blossoms under the snow?

LESSON LXXV.

ăc-quāint′-ed
tȯngue (tŭng)
Khär-toum′ (to͞om)
Gẽr′-man
lī′-on-ess
a-lärmed′
lĕop′-ärd
af-fĕc′-tion-ate
ġī-răffes′
ga-zĕlleș
hĭp-po-pŏt′-a-mŭs
ăc-cŭs′-tomed
Pa-sha̤′
păl′-ace
cŏn′-fĭ-dence

A TALK ABOUT LIONS.

When I was in Africa three or four years ago, I saw more of lions than ever before in all my life. I not only saw them, but I became very well acquainted with them.

After I had traveled for two months over the desert and up the Nile, I came to a large city called Khartoum. A German who was living there took me to his house, where I lived for two or three weeks.

When I went into the garden, the first thing I saw was a large lioness tied to a tree. My friend immediately went up to her, patted her sides, and stroked her head, while she stretched out her great red tongue, like a cat, and licked his hand. "May I touch her?" I asked. "Oh, yes," said he; "she is perfectly tame, and would not injure any one." I then went up to her, and for the first time played with a lion.

In a short time we were very good friends. She knew me and always seemed glad to see me, though I sometimes teased her a little by getting astride of her back, or sitting upon her when she was lying down. When she was in a playful mood, she would come to meet me as far as the rope would let her, get her fore paws around my leg, and then take it into her mouth, as if she were going to eat me up.

I was a little alarmed when she did this for the first time, but I soon saw that she was merely in play, and had no thought of hurting me. So I took her by the ears, and slapped her sides, until at last she lay down, and licked my hand. Her tongue was as rough as a nutmeg grater, and my hand felt as if the skin was being rasped off.

There was also a leopard in the garden, with which I used to play a good deal, but which I never loved so well as the lioness. He was smaller and more active, and soon learned to jump upon my shoulders when I stooped down, or to climb up the tree to which he was tied, whenever I commanded him.

But he was not so affectionate as the lioness, and sometimes forgot to draw in his claws when he played, so that he not only tore my clothes, but scratched my hands. I still have the mark of one of his teeth on the back of my right hand. My old lioness was never rough, and I have frequently, when she has stretched out to take a nap, sat upon her back for half an hour at a time, smoking my pipe or reading.

I assure you, I was very sorry to part with her, and when I saw her for the last time, one moonlight night, I gave her a good hug and an affectionate kiss. She would have kissed me back if her mouth had not been too large, but she licked my hand to show that she loved me, then laid her big head upon the ground and went to sleep. Dear old lioness! I wonder if you ever think of me — I wonder if you would know me, should we ever see each other again.

I sailed up the White Nile, two or three hundred miles beyond Khartoum, until I reached the country where lions, leopards, elephants, giraffes, and many other kinds of beasts run wild in the woods.

Every day I used to see the huge hippopotamus swimming and snorting in the water, the beautiful little gazelles leaping along the shore, and the gray monkeys jumping from one tree top to another.

I heard the lions, too, sometimes at dusk, roaring in the woods, but the bushes were so thick that I could not see them, though I often knew they were near me by the smell, for the skin of a lion has a strong odor like that of a horse or a dog.

It was dangerous to go far from the shore, because they might have leaped out upon me at any time. To be sure, a lion is a noble and dignified beast, and he will not often attack a man unless very hungry; but I thought it best not to run any risk.

Mr. Berne, who went up the Nile farther than I did, was walking on shore one day, when he suddenly met a lion face to face. They looked at each other steadily for about a minute, when the lion slowly turned around and walked away.

This reminds me of a little adventure of my own, which happened while I was staying in Cairo, after my return from the White Nile. I went one day to a place called Shoobra, where the Pasha of

Egypt has a grand palace and garden. It was a lovely spot; the hedges were composed entirely of roses, and the garden was filled with orange trees, covered with ripe fruit.

While I was walking about alone, I came upon a cage in which there was a very large lion. I had not seen a lion for more than two months, and I was so delighted that I ran up to the cage at once.

"How do you do, old fellow?" I said, as I thrust my arm through the bars, seized the lion by the ears, and began rubbing his head.

He looked very much astonished, as if he had not been accustomed to such treatment, but held perfectly still, staring me in the face.

All at once I heard a loud outcry, as two or three gardeners came running up with all speed. "O stranger!" they exclaimed, "come away! come away! that is a terribly wicked lion; he is not tamed, and nobody ever touched him before!"

I let go my hold of his head, but he looked so good-humored that I put my hand back and gave him another pat before I went away.

The gardeners were very much frightened. It would not have been safe for them to touch the lion, for he knew they were afraid of him. He was friendly with me because he saw that I had confidence in him.

—Bayard Taylor.

The Nile is a large river in Egypt, in the northeastern part of Africa.

Copy the first sentence of the first paragraph, and underline the part which tells when *"I saw lions," etc.*

Copy the first sentence of the second paragraph, and underline the part which tells when *"I came to a large city."*

In the same way, copy the third, fourth, and fifth paragraphs, and underline the parts which tell when *some particular action was performed.*

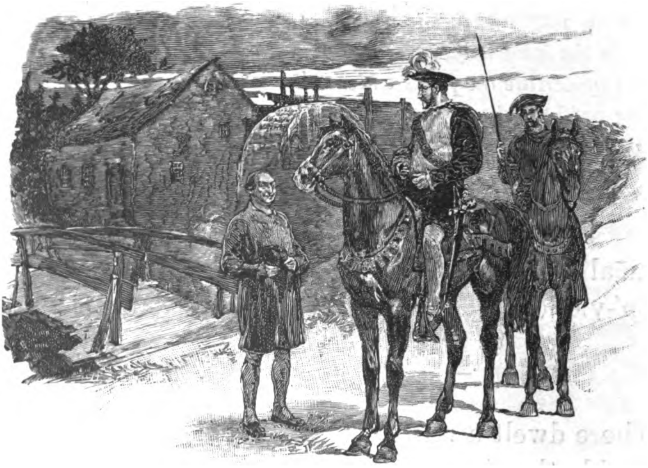
LESSON LXXVI.

mēal′-y
ĕn′-vieş (-vĭz)
bōast
dŏffed
fâre-well′
Eng′-land (ĭng′-gland)

THE MILLER OF DEE.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody — no, not I,
And nobody envies me."
"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal;

"As wrong as wrong can be;
For, could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee:
And tell me now, what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm a king,
Beside the river Dee?"



The miller smiled and doffed his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I can not pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn

That feeds my babes and me."
"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee:
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

—Charles Mackay.

Definitions.—Blīthe, happy, gay; dŏffed, took off; fee, amount received for rents; Dee, a river in England; King Hal, King Henry.

Write this story in your own words.

LESSON LXXVII.

ān′-cient (-shent)
găr′-ri-son
con-çēaled′
ăm′-bush
pōrt-cŭl′-lis
ĭn′-stant-ly
fā′-mous-ly
păl′-ace
roy′-al

HOW THE SCOTS TOOK LINLITHGOW.

On the margin of a lovely lake in the southeast part of Scotland stands the ancient palace of Linlithgow, which was once one of the noblest royal residences of Scotland, and which, though now in ruins, still has a great deal of beauty and stateliness.

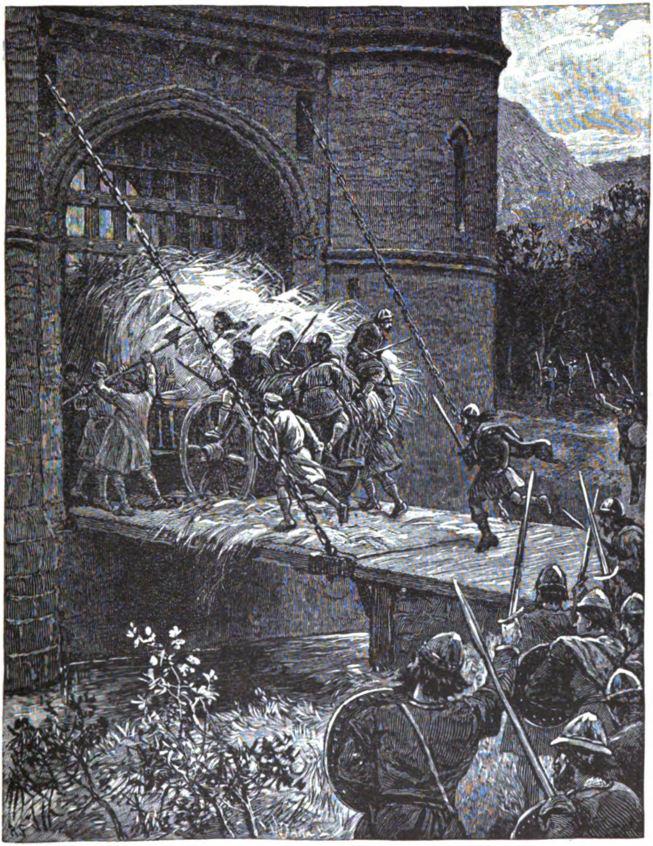
Linlithgow was at first little more than a fort, built by King Edward I. and afterward occupied by his troops. During a war between England and Scotland it was taken by some of Robert Bruce's men in the following clever and daring manner:

The English garrison was supplied with hay by a farmer in the neighborhood, by the name of Binnock, who secretly favored Bruce. The Scots of old were famous for cunning; and so, when one day the English governor of the fort commanded this Binnock to furnish a large quantity of hay, the farmer laid a plan for making him pay more than the market price for that article.

The night before the hay was to be delivered, he concealed a large band of liberty-loving Scots near the gate of the fort, and charged them to be perfectly still until they should hear his signal cry, which was to be, "Call all! Call all!" Then he placed in the hay cart several strong, brave men, a half a dozen of whom were his own sons — all well armed, and lying on their breasts, and these he covered completely with hay.

The driver was a faithful, stout-hearted fellow, who carried in his hand a small ax, or hatchet. Binnock himself walked behind the cart, humming a merry tune.

The warders, seeing only the farmers with the load of hay, which they were expecting, opened the gates, and raised the portcullis, to let them into the courtyard. But as soon as they got well under the gateway, Binnock gave a sign to the



driver, who instantly cut the oxen free from the cart, and started them onward, which, of course, left the cart standing right under the arch of the gateway.

At this instant, Binnock shouted out his signal, "Call all! Call all!" and, drawing a sword which until then he had kept hidden under his farmer's frock, he laid about him famously.

The armed men leaped up from under the hay and rushed upon the English guard, who tried in vain to close the gates or drop the portcullis with that cumbersome ox-cart in the way. Then the men in ambush outside came pouring in, and the castle was soon taken, and all the English garrison killed or taken prisoners.

Robert Bruce, when he became king, rewarded Binnock by the gift of a fine estate, which his family long enjoyed.

— Walter Scott.

Scotland is a country north of England. Its people are called Scotch or Scots.

A royal residence is the house of a king or a queen.

Cumbersome, not easily moved.

Portcullis, a gate hung over the entrance to the castle yard. It could be let down suddenly, thus barring entrance in case of danger.

War'der, the officer who had charge of the gate.

LESSON LXXVIII.

knēe (nee)
re̱in′-deer
squĩr′-relş
häunch′-eş
fȧs′-tened
a̤l′-der
sē′-crets
e-rĕct′
lăn̠′-guage
mär′-vel-ous
frŏl′-ĭc
ex-ŭlt′-ed

HIAWATHA'S HUNTING.

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets —
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets —
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,

From an oak bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.

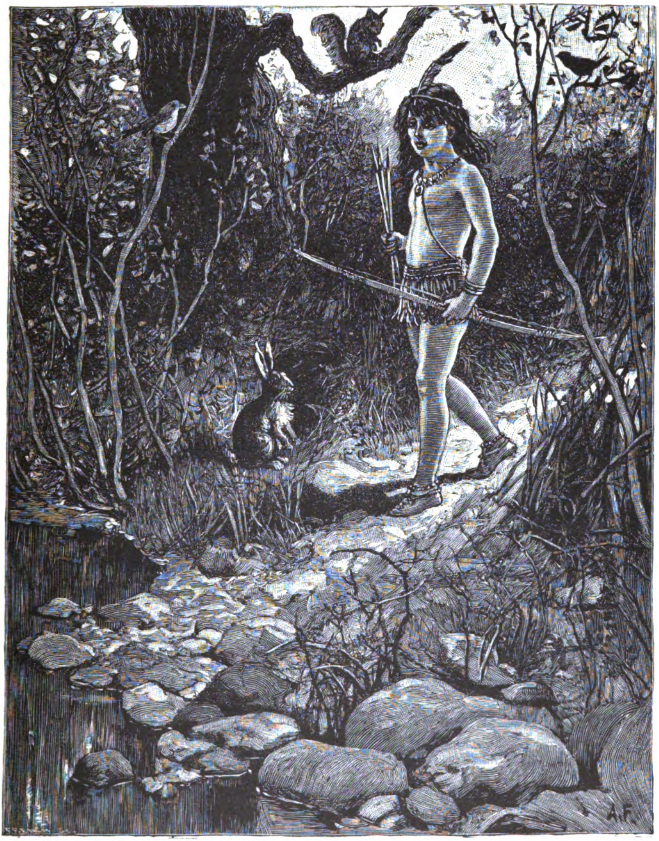
Then he said to Hiawatha:
“Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers.”

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”
Sang the robin, sang the bluebird,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”

Up the oak tree sprang the squirrel,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

But he heeded not nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;



On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,

To the ford across the river;
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward;
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer.

But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

— Henry W. Longfellow.

Definitions. — Tĭm′-id, fearful, easily frightened; ănt′-lerş, the deer's horns; nŏs′-trĭlş, the two openings of the nose through which the breath passes; wā′-ry, cautious; rōe′-buck, small deer with branching horns; păl′-pĭ-tāt-ed, trembled or throbbed.

Write what you know about Hiawatha.

LESSON LXXIX.

moun′-taĭn-ous
heīght (hīt)
dī-ăm′-e-ter
re-mo̤v′-al
floŭr′-ish

e-lăs′-tĭc
ĭn-çĭş′-ion (yŭn)
măg-nĭf′-ĭ-çent
trough (trôf)
knēad′-ed

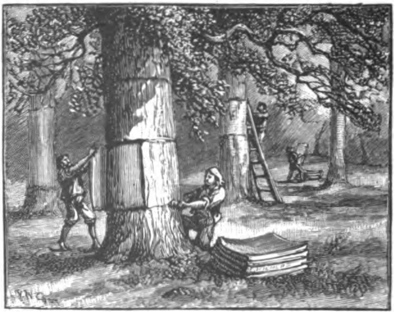
tough (tŭf)
ôr′-na-ments
e-lĕc-trĭç′-i-ty
quăn′-ti-ty
a-bŭn′-dant

USEFUL TREES.

I.—THE CORK TREE.

Among the many useful trees which we find scattered over the earth for the use of man is the cork tree. It belongs to the mountainous regions of Spain, Portugal, and the south of France.

This tree grows to a height of from thirty to forty feet, and its trunk is from two to three feet in diameter.

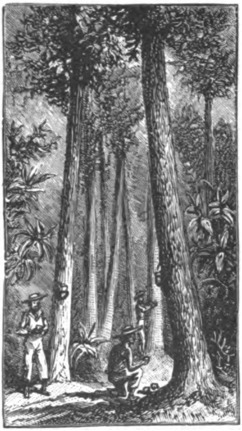


When the tree is about five years old, the cork, which forms its outer bark, begins to increase in a very remarkable manner, and the removal of it does not injure the tree. On the contrary, the tree lives much longer if the outer bark be regularly taken off. Some trees have been known to flourish for a hundred and fifty years.

The first crop of cork is generally of inferior quality, and is used principally for making floats for fishing nets. After the tree is thirty years old, its cork may be removed at intervals of from six to ten years.

Cork can be cut into any shape, and, though it is porous, none of the common liquids can pass through it. These qualities make it superior to all other substances as a stopper for bottles. Cork is made into soles for boots and shoes, and is used in making life preservers and building lifeboats.

II.—THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE.



India rubber is the hardened, milky juice of many plants and trees found in South America, in Central America, and in the East Indies. That which is obtained from Brazil, in South America, is the product of a noble tree which grows to a height of sixty feet.

The Brazilian method of obtaining the India rubber is to make an incision in the stem, and place a cup made of clay under the wound. The juice flows freely to the amount of about four ounces daily from each tree. It is afterward spread on clay molds and dried in the sun, or in the smoke of a fire, which blackens it.

Hitherto the chief supply of India rubber has been from South America, but now a considerable quantity comes from various places in the East Indies. So many things are made of India rubber that it is impossible to give here the names of all. Bags, caps, overshoes, coats, and cloaks are made of it, besides tents, boats, and even bridges. In Cayenne it is used to give light as a candle.

III.—THE GUTTA-PERCHA TREE.

Gutta-percha is also the juice of a tree, hardened by exposure to the air. The tree is a magnificent one, often reaching the height of sixty or seventy feet, with a trunk from three to four feet in diameter. It is found on many of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago.

When the tree has grown to full size it is cut down, and the bark is removed. Between the bark and the wood is found a milky juice. This juice is collected in a trough made of large leaves, and it very soon sets or thickens under the action of the air. It is next kneaded into cakes, and is then ready for the market.

Gutta-percha is very tough, it is easily bent, and it is completely waterproof. Very slight heat softens it, so that it may be molded into almost any shape. Soles of shoes, water pipes, speaking tubes, picture frames, cups, and a very great variety of ornaments and articles of use are made from it.

One of the most valuable uses to which gutta-percha is applied is the covering of telegraph cables that are laid under the sea. It is better adapted for this purpose than any other known substance, because it serves to keep out the water, and also to prevent the escape of the electricity.

SPELLING LESSONS.

The difficulty of spelling English words arises from uncertainty in regard to the combinations used to represent elementary sounds. For instance, the sound ĕ is represented in eleven different ways in the words ebb, dead, again, æsthetics, many, nonpareil, jeopardy, friend, bury, guest, says. Again, the words bead, head, great, heart, wear, ocean, earth, present *ea* with seven sounds.

The pupil will readily learn to spell all words in which the sounds are represented by the usual combinations of letters, by seeing them in print whenever he reads a book or newspaper.

A list of words to spell should not be cumbered by the introduction of easy words, such as contain only the usual combinations, but should have only those that are difficult because of the exceptional combinations of letters used.

The spelling book, then, may be a very small book, containing about fifteen hundred words. This small list of words should be so thoroughly learned that the pupil can spell orally or write *every word* in it without hesitation. This can be accomplished by the pupil of twelve years of age in six months' time, having one lesson of twenty words a day to write from dictation, and using every fifth day for an oral review of all words from the beginning.

This thorough drill on a few words will train the child's faculty of observing unusual combinations of letters, and his memory thus trained will make him a good speller without spending any further time over the spelling book. His memory will absorb and retain hard words wherever he sees them, just as a sponge absorbs and retains water.

The words are arranged in the following list so as not to bring together a number of words of the same combination, and thereby paralyze the memory, as is too frequently the case in the lists given in spelling books, which, for example, collect in one lesson the words ending in *tion*, or *tain*, or *ture*, or *cious*, etc., thus giving to the pupil by the first word that is spelled a key to all that follow.

Correct pronunciation is as important as correct spelling, and the rare combinations of letters are the ones most likely to be mispronounced. The following list contains the words liable to be mispronounced as well as misspelled, and even some words easy to spell that are often mispronounced. The following mode of analysis is recommended as an excellent auxiliary to the oral and written spelling lesson. It should always be practiced in connection with the reading lesson, and with the book open before the pupil, in preference to the usual plan.

Spelling Analysis.—The pupils and teacher have reading books or spelling books open at the lesson. The pupils, in the order of recitation, analyze the list of difficult words one after the other, as follows:

First Pupil—*Groat*, g-r-o-a-t (pronounces and reads its spelling from the book). It is a difficult word, because the sound *aw* is represented by the rare combination *oa;* it is usually represented by *aw* or *au* (*awl*, *fraud*). This sound may be represented in six ways, and is essentially identical with that of *ô* before *r* (*born*).

Second Pupil—*Police*, p-o-l-i-c-e. It is a difficult word, because the sound *ē* is represented by *i*, and not by one of the more frequent modes, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ie*, and *ei*. There are twelve ways of representing this sound. The word is also more difficult to spell, because it represents the sound of *s* by *ce*.

Third Pupil—*Sacrifice*, s-a-c-r-i-f-i-c-e. It is difficult, because the sound *ĭ* (before *f*) is obscure, and may be represented by any one of twelve ways. The letter *c* in *fice* has here the sound of *z*, a very rare use of that letter. The word is liable to be mispronounced sā′-krĭ-fīs or săk′-rĭ-fīs for săk′-rĭ-fīz.

A.—Table of Equivalents representing Elementary Sounds.

I.—The sound ā is represented in eleven ways: 1. In many words by ā (āle), āi (āid), and āy (bāy); 2. In a few words by ẹy (thẹy), ẹi (vẹil), eā (breāk), āu (gāuge), āo (gāol, for *jail*), ẹ and ẹe (employé, soi-rée), āye (meaning *ever*).

II.—The sound ă is represented in three ways: 1. In many words by ă (ăt); 2. In a few words by ăi (plăid), uă (guărantee).

III.—The sound ä is represented in six ways: 1. In many words by ä (fäther); 2. In a few words by äu (täunt), eä (heärt), uä (guärd), e (sergeant), äa (bazäar).

IV.—The sound â is represented in seven ways: 1. In many words by â (câre); 2. In a few words by âi (fâir), eâ (peâr), ây (prâyer), ê (thêre), êi (thêir), aâ (Aâron).

V.—The sound ȧ is represented only by ȧ (ȧsk) in a few words.

VI.—The sound a̤ is represented in six ways: 1. In many words by a̤ (a̤ll), a̤w (a̤wl), a̤u (fra̤ud); 2. In a few words by ou (bought), oa̤ (broa̤d), a̤we.

VII.—The sound ē is represented in twelve ways: 1. In many words by ē (ēve), ēa (bēat), ēe (bēef), iē (chiēf); 2. In a few words by ēi (decēive), ï (marïne), ēy (kēy), ēo (pēople), uay (quay), uē (Portuguēse), æ (Cæsar), œ (Phœbus).

VIII.—The sound ĕ is represented in twelve ways: 1. In many words by ĕ (mĕt), ĕa (bread); 2. In a few words by ai (said), æ (diæresis), a (any), ĕi (hĕifer), ĕo (lĕopard), iĕ (friĕnd), u (bury), uĕ (guĕst), ay (says), œ (Œdipus).

IX.—The sound ẽ is represented in six ways: 1. In many words by ẽ (fẽrn), ĩ (sĩr); 2. In a few words by ẽa (hẽard), ỹ (mỹrtle), a (liar), uẽ (guẽrdon). See XIX., û sound.

X.—The sound ī (a diphthong composed usually of the sounds ä (or ȧ) -ĭ, pronounced very briefly, is represented in ten ways: 1. In many words by ī (īce), ȳ (bȳ), īe (dīe); 2. In a few words by uī (guīde), eī (heīght), uȳ (buȳ), aī (aīsle), ȳe (rȳe), eȳe, aȳ (baȳou).

XI.—The sound ĭ is represented in twelve ways: 1. In many words by ĭ (ĭt), y̆ (ly̆nx), ĭe (dutĭes); 2. In a few words by uĭ (buĭld), aĭ (certaĭn), u (busy), e (pretty), ee (been), o (women), eĭ (foreĭgn), ĭa (carrĭage), oĭ (tortoĭse).

XII.—The sound ō is represented in ten ways: 1. In many words by ō (nōte), ōa (bōat), ōw (blōw); 2. In a few words by ōu (fōur), ōe (fōe), ōo (dōor), au (hautboy), ew (sew), eau (beau), eō (yeōman).

XIII.—The sound ŏ is represented in four ways: 1. In many words by ŏ (nŏt), ạ (wạs); 2. In a few words by ŏu (lŏugh), ŏw (knŏwledge).

XIV. The sound ô is represented in three ways: 1. In many words by ô (bôrn); 2. In a few words by eô (Geôrge), aô (extraôrdinary).

XV.—The sound o͞o is represented in four ways: 1. In many words by o͞o (blo͞om); 2. In a few words by o̤ (do̤), o̤u (gro̤up), o̤e (sho̤e).

XVI.—The sound o͝o is represented in four ways: 1. In many words by o͝o (fo͝ot); 2. In a few words by ọ (wọman), ụ (pụt, and the termination fụl), ọu (wọuld).

XVII.—The sound ū (a diphthong composed of ĭ-o͞o, the ĭ being nearly displaced by a consonant y glide when the ū begins a syllable, or when it follows the consonants p, b, m, v, f, ȼ, or ğ) is represented in fourteen ways: 1. In many words by ū (tūbe), ew (few); 2. In a few words by ūe (hūe), ūi (jūice), eū (neūter), ieū (lieū), iew (view), eaū (beaūty), ūa (mantūa-maker), eo (feodal), yū (yūle), ewe, yew, you.

XVIII.—The sound ŭ is represented in ten ways: 1. In many words by ŭ (bŭt), ȯ (sȯn), ȯu (tȯuch, and terminations in ous); 2. In a few words by ȯo (blȯod), ȯe (dȯes), ȯi (porpȯise), iȯ (cushiȯn, and terminations in ion), eȯ (dungeȯn), eou in righteous, iou in gracious.

XIX.—The sound û is represented in three ways: 1. In many words by û (bûrn); 2. In a few words by o (work), oû (scoûrge). This sound is diphthongal, occasioned by the transmutation of the rough or trilled r to the smooth or palatal r, the effort expended in trilling the tongue having weakened into a guttural vowel sound ŭh, heard as a glide from the previous vowel sound to the r. Very careful speakers distinguish the sound of ẽ (equivalents ĩ and ỹ) from û (and its equivalent o sound), although the common usage, here and in England, is to pronounce them all alike, except before a trilled r. Smart says: "Even in the refined classes of society in England *sur*, *durt*, *burd*, etc., are the current pronunciation of *sir*, *dirt*, *bird;* and, indeed, in all very common words it would be somewhat affected to insist on the delicate shade of difference." The careful teacher will, however, practice his pupils in this delicate distinction.

XX.—The sound ṳ is represented in four ways: 1. In many words by ṳ (rṳle); 2. In a few words by ew (grew), ṳe (trṳe), ṳi (frṳit). This sound occurs only after r, and in sṳre and its derivatives. It is very similar to the sound of o͞o, the chief difference being caused by the modification which the preceding r sound gives.

XXI.—The diphthong oi (= a̤-ĭ), as in coil, is represented also by oy (boy).

XXII.—The diphthong ou (= ȧ-o͝o), as in bound, is represented also by ow (crowd).

XXIII.—The sounds of ġ in ġem, of g̃ in g̃et, of s in so, of s̱ in was̱, of ç in çell, of ꞓ in ꞓat, of ch in child, of ꞓh in ꞓhorus, of çh in maçhine, of x in ox (ks), of x̱ in ex̱act (g̃z), of n in no, of ṉ in coṉcord (kongkord), of th in thing, of ŧh in ŧhe, are marked, when marked, as here indicated.

XXIV.—The sound of f is represented by ph (philosopher) in many words, and by gh (cough) in a few words. The sound of v is represented by f in of, and ph (Stephen) in a few words. The sound of sh is represented by c (oceanic), s (nauseate), t (negotiation), ce (ocean), ci (social), seo (nauseous), si (tension), ti (captious), çh (çhaise), sc (conscientious), sch (schorl), sci (conscience). xi = ksh in noxious, x = ksh in luxury, s = sh in sure; zh is represented by si (fusion), zi (grazier), s (symposium), ti (transition), ssi (abscission), g (rouge); z = zh in azure.

B.—Table of Sounds represented by Letters and Combinations.

1. a—eight sounds: āle, ăt, älms, ȧsk, câre, a̤ll, wạs, any (ĕ).
2. e—eight sounds: ēve, mĕt, thêre, hẽr, e̱ight, sergeant (ä), liar (ẽ), pretty (ĭ).
3. i—four sounds: īce, ĭt, fatïgue, fĩr.
4. o—eight sounds: nōte, nôr, nŏt, mo̤ve, wọlf, work (û), sȯn, women (ĭ).
5. u—seven sounds: ūse, bŭt, rṳde, pụll, fûr, busy (ĭ), bury (ĕ).
6. y—three sounds: bȳ, ly̆ric, mỹrrh.
7. aa = â, ä; ae = ē, ĕ; ai = ā, â, ă, ĕ, ī, ĭ; ao = ā, a̤; au = ā, ä, a̤, ō; aw = a̤; awe = a̤; ay = ā, â, ĕ, ī; aye = ā.
8. ea = ā, â, ä, ē, ĕ, ẽ; ee = ē, ĭ, ā; ei = ā, â, ē, ĕ, ī, ĭ; ey = ā, ē, ī; eo = ē, ĕ, ō, ô, ū, ŭ; eu = ū; ew = ū, ō, ṳ; eau = ō, ū; ewe = ū; eye = ī; eou = ŭ.
9. ia = ĭ, yă; ie = ē, ĕ, ī, ĭ, yĕ, yŭ; io = yō, yŭ, ŭ; iu = yŭ; ieu = ū; iew = ū; iou = ŭ, yŭ.
10. oa = ō, a̤; oe = ē, ĕ, ō, o͞o, ŭ; oi = oy, ī, ĭ, ŭ, wä, wī, wȯ; œu = ṳ; oo = o͞o, o͝o, ō, ŭ; ou = ow, a̤, ō, ŏ, o͞o, o͝o, ŭ, û; ow = ou, ō, ŏ; oy = oi.
11. ua = ă, ä, ū, wā, wă, wä, wa̤, wŏ; ue = ē, ĕ, ẽ, wē, wĕ, ū, ṳ; ui = ī, ĭ, ū, ṳ, wī, wĭ, wẽ, wē; uo = wō, wŏ; uy = wē, ē, ī; uay = ē, wā; uea = wē; uee = wē; uoy = woi.

C.—Comparatively Common Words.

I.

ăç'id
ăr'id
ꞓom-pĕl'
făg'ot
hăz'ard
săl'ad
săt'in
tăç'it
ăb'sençe
păl'ate

II.

pûr'chase
sī'lençe
rāi'ment
whe̱y
ske̱in
ġāol
prâyer (prâr)
guärd
fought (fa̤t)
wrought (ra̤t)

III.

groa̤t (gra̤t)
fiēf
fiēnd
fiērçe
griēf
niēçe
shriēk
wiēld
be-liēf'
ꞓash-iēr'

IV.

de-çēit'
wēird
ꞓa-prïçe'
po-lïçe'
ra-vïne'
chĭm'ney
mĕd'ley
Çæ'ṣar
pēo'ple
hĕif'er

V.

lĕop'ard
bu'ri-al (bĕr')
guĕss
păç'i-fȳ
răr'e-fȳ
spĕç'i-fȳ
sĭg'ni-fȳ
stū'pe-fȳ
prŏph'e-sȳ
height (hīt)

VI.

ꞓry̆s'tal
sy̆l'van
guĭn'ea
busi'ness (bĭz'nes)
prĕt'ty (prĭt')
sĭeve
wom'en (wĭm'en)
chĕr'rĭeṣ
chiēf'taĭn
bĭs'ꞓuit ('kĭt)

VII.

çĭr'ꞓuit ('kĭt)
fŏr'eign ('ĭn)
fôr'feĭt
mŭl'leĭn ('lĭn)
fĕr'rule ('rĭl)
lĕt'tuçe ('tĭs)
măr'riage ('rĭj)
tôr'toise ('tĭs)
ꞓō'ꞓoa ('ko)
ȧl'oe

VIII.

bū'reau ('ro)
yeō'man
sꞓạl'lȯp
squạn'der
trough (trŏf)
knŏwl'edġe (nŏl'ĕj)
sĭn'ew
nūi'sançe
neū'ter
pȯm'mel

IX.

plȯv'er
griēv'oŭs
ꞓo-ꞓo͞on'
ro̤u-tïne'
to̤mb
ꞓŏn'stru̥e
ō'dor
mär'tỹr
çī'pher
sŭl'phur

X.

tȳ'phus
zĕph'ỹr
Stē'phen ('vn)
per-suāde'
ȼăn'toş
cär'goeş
ȼŏm'ȧş
sūeş
sçĭş'şorş
Tūeş'day

XI.

tṛu'işm
dĭş-cẽrn' (-zẽrn')
săȼ'ri-fīce (-fīz)
ġĭb'bet
ḡĭm'balş
ġĭp'sy
vĕs'tĭġe
dŭn'ġeon ('jŭn)
pĭġ'eon ('ŭn)
sûr'ġeon

XII.

al-lē'ġiançe ('jans)
ȼoŭr-ā'ġeoŭs
mĭ-lĭ'tiȧ (-lĭsh'ȧ)
ān'cient
grā'cioŭs
lŭs'cioŭs (lŭsh'ŭs)
de-fĭ'cient
mu-şĭ'cian
phy-şĭ'cian
sus-pĭ'cioŭs

XIII.

psälm (säm)
ȼon-tĕmpt'i-ble
sy̆mp'tȯm
a-pŏs'tle (-pŏs'l)
mois'ten (s'n)
wrĕnch
nạught
yạcht (yŏt)
blām'a-ble
chānġe'a-ble

XIV.

pēaçe'a-ble
re-çēiv'a-ble
mĕr'ri-ment
bound'a-ry
Fĕb'rṳ-ā-ry
mĭs'sion-a-ry (sh')
sĕȼ're-ta-ry
mĭl'li-nĕr-y
my̆s'ter-y
nŭn'ner-y

XV.

vĕn'ti-lāte
pe-trō'le-ŭm
Mĕd-ĭ-ter-rā'ne-an
mĭs-çel-lā'ne-oŭs
gāy'e-ty
sĭm-i-lăr'i-ty
fe-rŏç'i-ty
ăn'te-rōōm
im-ăġ'ĭne
ĭ-tăl'i-çīze

XVI.

fûr'nĭ-ture
mẽr'çĭ-fu̇l
mûr'mur-ing
ad-mĭt'tançe
oȼ-ȼŭr'rençe
poş-şĕss'or
prō-çeed'
suȼ-çeed'
ạuȼ-tion-eer'
moun-taĭn-eer'

XVII.

ȼăs'si-mēre
pẽr-se-vēre'
brĭg-a-diēr'
çhăn-de-liēr' (shăn-)
ma-çhīn'er-y
per-suā'sion
dĭ-vĭ'sion
lēi'sure
Ȼhrĭs'tian
ȯn'ion

XVIII.

Ȼhrĭst'mas (kris')
ȼhlō'ro-fôrm
āȼhe
är'ȼhĭ-tĕȼt
sĕp'ul-ȼhẽr
wrĭṉ'kle
e-ȼlĭpse'
ăġ'ĭle
frăġ'ĭle
pū'er-ĭle

XIX.

fĕm′i-nĭne
jĕs′sa-mĭne
vex-ā′tioŭs
de-çī′sĭve
năr′ra-tĭve
ȼūr′a-ble
pāy′a-ble
sy̆l′la-ble
ex̱-ha̤ust′i-ble
ī′çĭ-ȼle

XX.

vē′hĭ-ȼle
ȼrĭp′ple
trĭ′ple
fī′ber
ō′gre
sçĕp′ter
wēa′ṣel (z′l)
strāit′*e*n (t′n)
rāi′ṣ*i*n (z′n)
fa-tïgue′

XXI.

pēa′ȼŏck
shĕr′iff
ȼăr′ȼass
çȳ′press
măt′tress
pos-sĕss′
vĭct′ualṣ (vĭt′lz)
sçēn′er-y
ĕf-fer-vĕsçe′
hăṉd′ker-chĭef

XXII.

Wĕdneṣ′day (wĕnz′)
ȼăm′phor
ĭsth′mus (ĭs′)
rheṳ′ma-tĭṣm
rhi-nŏç′e-ros
rhṳ′bärb
sălm′ȯn (săm′)
nĕph′ew
pŏl-i-tĭ′cian
as-sō-çi-ā′tion

XXIII.

dē′çen-çy
dāi′ṣy
a-pŏs′tro-phe
frēē′dȯm
whōle′sȯme
at-tor′ney (tûr′)
whe̱y′ey
bŏt′a-ny
ȼăl′i-ȼo
chŏȼ′o-late

XXIV.

ȼŏl′o-ny
ȼŏr′-al
ĕl′e-gant
ĕn′e-my
fŏr′est
ĭd′i-ot
lăt′i-tūde
mĕl′o-dy
mĕm′o-ry
mĕr′it

XXV.

mŏd′el
mĭn′is-ter
pĕr′il
pĕt′ty
rĕb′el
rĕl′ish
sĕn′ate
spĭr′it
tĕn′ant
trŏp′iȼ

XXVI.

ty̆r′an-ny
vĕr′y
a-bĭl′i-ty
a-ȼăd′e-my
ap-păr′el
ȼom-păr′i-son
ăp′pe-tīte
băg′gaġe
băl′lad
bĭt′ter

XXVII.

bŏt′tom
bŭf′fa-lō
bŭt′ter
ȼăr′ry
çĭn′na-mon
ȼŏf′fee
ȼŏp′per
ȼŭn′ning
dĭf′fi-ȼult
dĭn′ner

XXVIII.

ĕr'ror
flăn'nel
glĭt'ter
hăm'mer
hŭr'ry
ĭn'no-çent
măn'ner
pĭl'lar
răb'bit
rŭs'set

XXIX.

shŭd'der
skĭt'tish
tŭn'nel
mo-lȧs'seş
to-băꞓ'ꞓo
a-gree'a-ble
ā'pron (ā'purn)
ăv'er-aġe
ꞓăt'er-pĭl-lar
çĕl-e-brā'tion

XXX.

chăl'lenġe
dĭꞓ'tion-a-ry
ĕn'vi-oŭs
ĕx-pe-dĭ'tion
grĭd'ī-ron ('ī-urn)
hăp'pi-ness
ī'ron (ī'urn)
jŭdġ'ment
mĕd'i-çĭne
dŏdġe

XXXI.

nĕç'es-sa-ry
ŏm'e-let
ŏp'er-āte
pa-rĕn'the-sĭs
per-çēive'
pĕr'se-ꞓūte
pew'ter (pū')
prĕş'i-dent
prĭv'i-lĕġe
pro-çē'dure

XXXII.

prŏs'per-oŭs
rĕꞓ-ol-lĕꞓ'tion
rĕl'a-tĭve
rĕm'e-dy
săs'sa-frăs
sĕp'a-rāte
tĕl'e-grăph
whor'tle-bĕr'ry (hwûr')
Ꞓon-nĕct'i-ꞓut (-nĕt')
Pĕnn-sy̆l-vā'ni-a

XXXIII.

Tĕn-nes-see'
Mĭn-ne-sō'tȧ
Ꞓăl-i-fôr'ni-ȧ
Lou-ĭ-şĭ-ăn'ȧ
Mĭch'i-gan (sh')
Çĭn-çĭn-nä'ti
Brŏŏk'ly̆n
Çhī-ꞓa̤'go
Al'le-ghā-ny
Ꞓăn'a-dȧ

XXXIV.

Nī-ăg'a-ra
Mŏnt-re-a̤l'
Que-bĕꞓ'
Sioux (sōō)
E'ġypt
Hĭm-ā'la-ya
Nō'-va Sꞓō'tia
Ant-ärꞓ'tiꞓ
Thameş (tĕmz)
Ꞓaī'ro

XXXV.

Ed'-in-bŭrgh (-bŭr-ro)
Ꞓo-lōgne' (-lōn')
Aâ'ron
Ꞓhrĭs'to-pher
Dăn'i-el
Phĭl'ip
Hăr'ri-et
Hĕl'en
El'len
kĕr'o-sēne

XXXVI.

hĭp-po-pŏt'a-mŭs
sçȳthe
ẹight'i-eth
a-gain' (-gĕn')
Ar'a-biꞓ
ꞓälf (käf)
main-tāin'
nȯth'ing
um-brĕl'lȧ
wrĕs'tle (s'l)

XXXVII.*

(2) ail
(2) awl
(2) eight
(2) ball
(2) bare
(2) bee
(2) beat
(2) blue
(2) buy
(2) deer
(2) dye
(2) flea
(2) flower
(2) fore
(2) foul
(2) fir
(2) great
(2) hare
(2) heal
(2) hear

XXXVIII.*

(2) heard
(2) whole
(2) hour
(2) knot
(2) know
(2) nun
(2) pane
(2) sea
(2) soar
(2) some
(2) son
(2) stare
(2) steak
(2) steal
(2) tax
(2) their
(3) two
(2) weight
(2) weigh
(2) arc

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* These words (Lessons XXXVII. and XXXVIII.) are to be spelled and defined, and the other words of similar pronunciation also spelled and defined, at the same time. For example, the teacher gives out the word *two* (three ways of spelling it), and the pupil spells and defines *two*, *to*, *too*.

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